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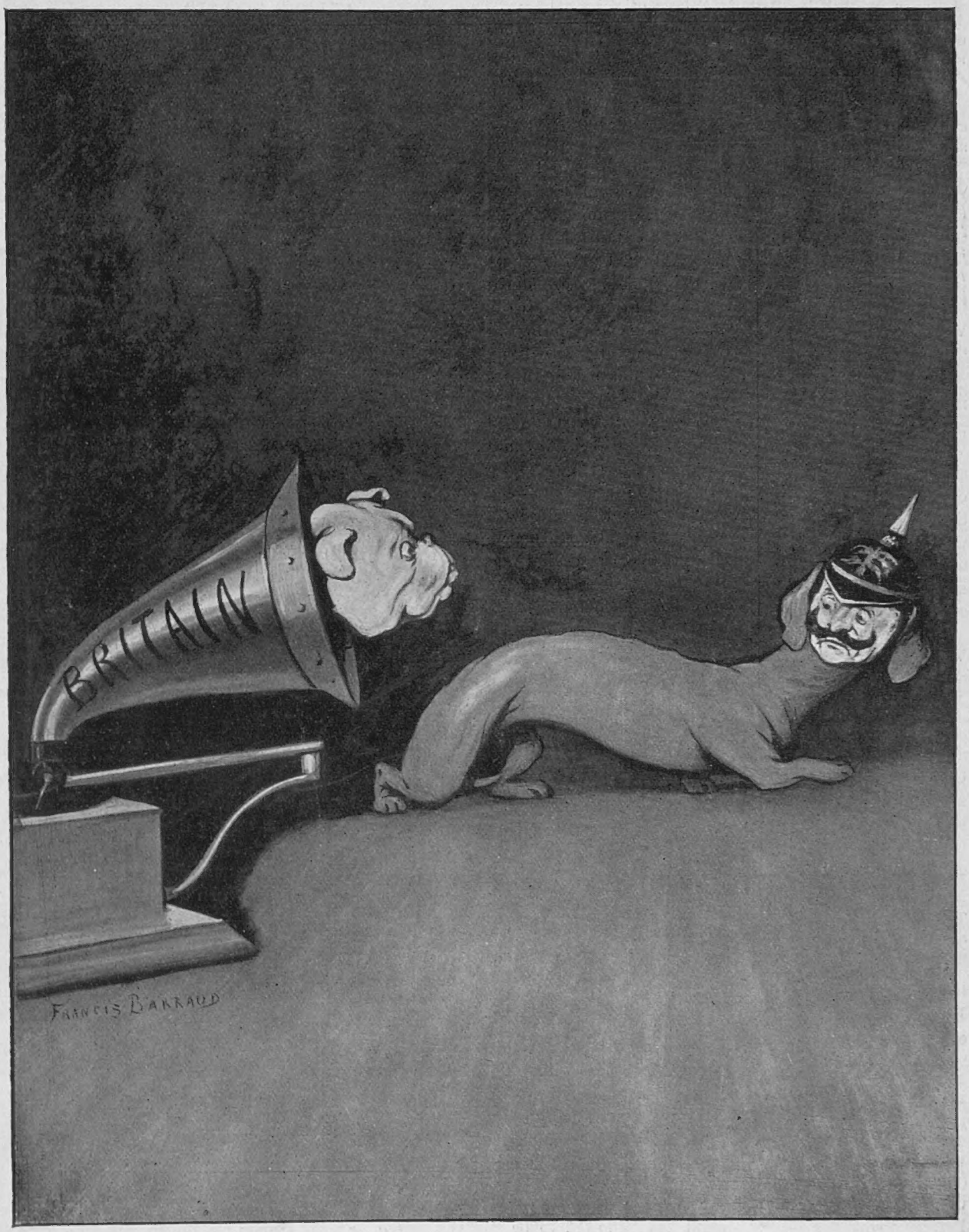
The Bystander, October 7, 1914.—No. 566. Vol. XLIV.

The BYSTANDER



HIS MASTER'S VOICE

THE DACHSHUND: "I thought you were only a contemptible little talking machine"

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War Comments

BY THE BYSTANDER

Wi liam the Luckless

THE Tsar, the French President, and the Kaiser are all now at their respective fronts—the last-named oscillating from west to east like a parched pea out of the frying-pan into the fire. The unlucky William—whose thanks to the Almighty have been singularly sparse of late—retired from Nancy only to encounter Augustovo. None of his armies seems to do well when he himself takes the lead. Perhaps he will now decide to leave the direction to the older and more experienced Partner in the German military business, of Whose miraculous help Germany seems sorely in need.

***

Winston the Watchful

King George has not yet paid that flying visit to the French front that his forces would so keenly appreciate. A little has, however, been offered on account, in the shape of the visit by Mr. Winston Churchill which was paid last week to a spot twenty miles from the firing line. Not the only one, I understand, which the busy First Lord has paid to the Continent since war broke out. The earlier one was in connection with the Service for which he is responsible.

***

The Meaning of Our North Sea Mines

The decision to mine the North Sea was a measure of necessity—military rather than naval. Reinforcements continue, of course, to find their way to France, and will so continue as long as we are fighting on the Continent. The route needs all the protection we are capable of giving it.

***

Reckless Censoring—

The Battle of the Aisne continues to continue—though it isn't a battle and isn't being fought (chiefly) on the Aisne. What it really is is the War in France—an affair of many battles on one line. Precisely why the Censor should have allowed to be circulated stories of decisive victory which were, clearly, untrue, is a mystery. False hopes were needlessly aroused and depression followed on their disappointment. If the public is compelled to go without news that informs the enemy, it might be relieved by the same pencil of news that misinforms itself.

***

—And What It Has Led To

One of the results of a diet of false news or none at all is a loss of interest in the whole campaign—a feeling of "the war is no affair of ours. Let's not think about it." There grows a desire for diversion. The London theatres and halls are full to overflowing, and never were such crowds in the streets and cafés. If it is the desire of the Censor that the public should *not* concern itself in the doings of our soldiers, the end is well achieved.

***

Honour the Tsar

The public still finds it difficult to rise to the vast importance of what is being done by our Russian Allies. In a music-hall on the day when the Battle of Cracow was announced to have begun, with millions on either side, one of the items was the singing by a choir of national hymns. When "God Save the Tsar" was begun, not a soul in the audience rose to his feet and not a hat was removed from a single head. Yet the Tsar is, at this moment, more than anybody else under Heaven, the possible saviour of Europe—and of the Englishman's Home. Let us, then, at least rise and bare our heads when his anthem is sung.

***

Our "Raw" Recruits

The German papers are as supercilious as ever about the fitness of Kitchener's Army to meet theirs on the field next spring. Doubtless, if they were intended to meet the Germans *now* in the field, there would be ground for doubt. But by next spring, at the present rate of German mortality, with whom will they be opposing our "raw" recruits? I imagine Young England will prove at least a fighting match for those who, a few months ago, were serving its meals and cutting its hair

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Critics from Shadowland

WILHELM I. : "The old familiarity with the Deity, yet somehow it seems blasphemous!"

VON MOLTKE : "The old 'envelopment' strategy, but it fails!"

VON BISMARCK : "The old brutality and frightfulness, but, Gott in Himmel! they are laying in ruins far more than Louvain and Malines!!"

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (concluded)

Something Wrong Somewhere

That the war should make havoc among artists and other servants of the cause of all the nations seems somehow wrong. Surely Governments ought to enrol a corps of "Honourable Exemptions." Certainly it ought not to be possible for a Fritz Kreisler to be shot in the arm, and Europe robbed of her finest fiddler. If musicians are "conscripted" at all, they should be engaged at headquarters in the task of soothing savage breasts — of which, on the side of the Germans, there must be nowadays an enormous number.

***

Women's Part in the War

"Efemera's" article, "Should Women Fight?" causes me to be flooded with correspondence. I am reluctant, however, to add to the wars already in existence by starting a sex one in these columns. My contributor merely said she was unable to see any physical reason why woman, who is nowadays almost man's equal in strength and often his superior in endurance, should not take a more active part in warfare than nursing and needlework. As a good many hundreds of thousands of able-bodied unmarried women are without occupation in war-time, there seems excellent reason for at least raising the question whether they could not train to be of *some* physical service to their country.

***

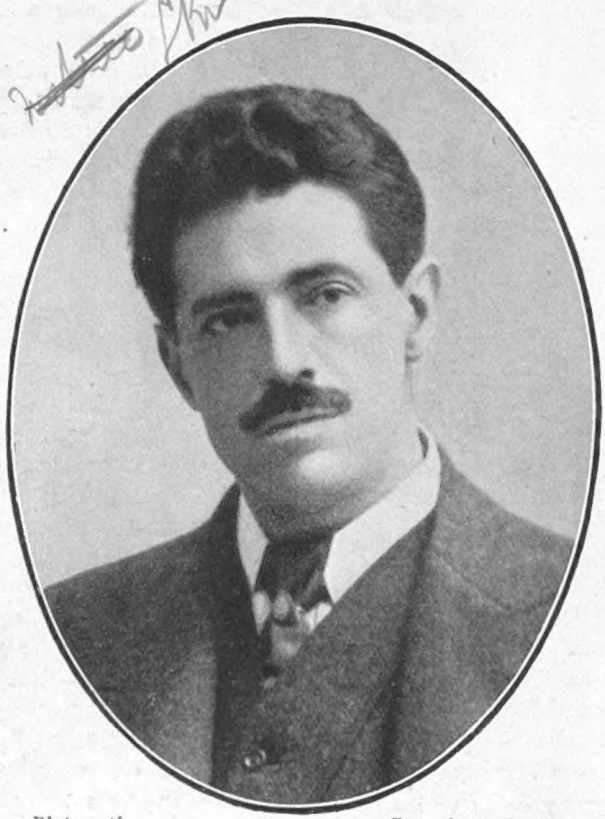
Allies of the Enemy

The Times continues to give a good deal of space to attacks upon, and excuses by, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who has helped the enemy by himself subscribing to their view of the "treachery" of the British government. at war but there number men willing

Photograph *Symonds*

CAPT. CYRIL FULLER

Of H.M.S. Cumberland, whose "bag" of nine merchantmen and a gunboat off the Cameroon river was announced last week. The "Cumberland," like the "Highflyer," is a cadets' training ship



Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

FRITZ KREISLER

The famous Austrian violinist, who has been slightly wounded in the left arm. In the world of Art all nations are as one. The irreparable loss which it suffers when such a man as Kreisler, admittedly the greatest violinist of the day, risks disablement makes even the enemies of his country wish that he could have been in some way kept clear of the war

Britons have never been have been among their to champion the enemy. It is part of the price we pay for the advantages of free speech and thought. The pleasant thing about the present war is that you can count the Pro-Germans on the fingers of one hand. One's only regret on their behalf is that there now looks to be so little likelihood of their receiving their Iron Crosses at the Kaiser's hands—at all events on this side of the German Ocean.

***

Antares on the Spot

Among the many prophecies of the war and its fortunes that are being unearthed, mention is deserved by the "Antares Almanac" for 1913, a copy of which has been sent to me:

> The Kaiser's Star Courses in 1913 and 1914 are brooding. They are a menace to both his health and fortunes, but chiefly to his fortunes. Such aspects as these will, we fear, impel him to declare war either against England or France in 1913 or 1914, and these aspects threaten him with heavy money loss. Disaster, therefore, will attend his military operations . . . . but it is especially on the sea that disaster will overtake him. We have no hesitation in predicting the destruction of the whole of the German fleet if, as we expect, Germany engages herself in war with England.

The value of the prophecy is slightly marred by the fact that nearly all the other royal horoscopes are equally "broody." All Europe's kings were put down for trouble of some kind or another, chiefly warlike, except—Antares is a loyal fellow!—H.M. King George, whose star courses are "propitious and indicate success."

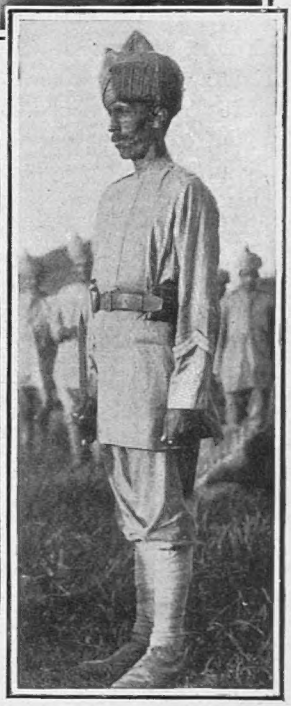
"To uphold the Izzat of the British Raj against an aggressive and relentless enemy"

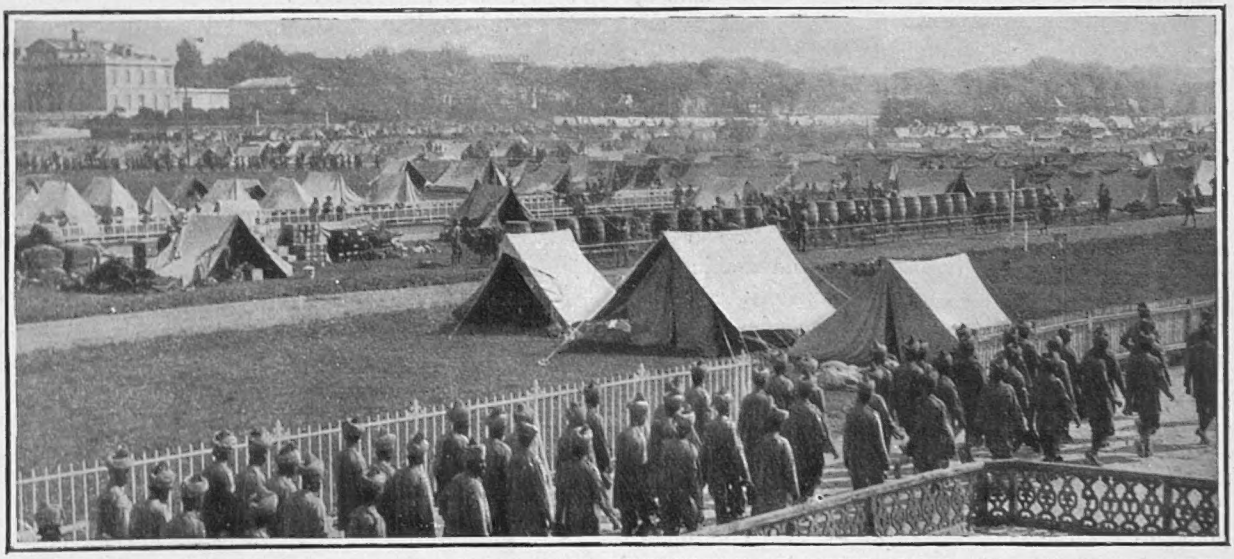
—H.M. The King-Emperor

THE LANDING OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT IN FRANCE

A novel spectacle much to the taste of the Marseillais

INDIAN SOLDIERS (OF WHICH THE TWO SEPARATE FIGURES ARE TYPES) MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF MARSEILLES TO THEIR CAMPING GROUND





A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROOPS "GOING INTO RESIDENCE" AT THEIR CAMP ON THE RACECOURSE

Although the Indian troops arrived at Marseilles on September 26, the message announcing the event was "delayed in transmission," presumably by the Censor, and London did not know of it till the morning of October 2. They had a great reception, and seemed greatly pleased thereby

The Pen IS Mightier

By "DOWNWRITER"

I TAKE up my pen for the first time for some weeks with a new pride. I have come to the conclusion that the old saw, "the pen is mightier than the sword," is more accurate than was ever dreamed of before this war. The sword has been at it (likewise the rifle, the siege gun, the bomb, the mine, the submarine) for two and a half months, and it has settled nothing whatever. What is more, I am seriously afraid that the war will go on for another two months and show even less definite result.

The general effect of up-to-date strategy where armies of millions are involved is clearly enough to produce deadlock. Armies when equally matched, spread over a vast front, are shown in a state of entrenched stagnation. We move a little to the right: we fall back a little to the left: we wobble a little to the north to-day, to the south to-morrow. Suppose, by chance, as was the case on the Marne, we push our enemy back along his whole line, our enemy—wise man!—has already foreseen the contingency, and has prepared another line whereon he will be able to give protracted battle. If again driven back, he has yet another line, where he will give interminable battle. And we, on our part, have done precisely the same, in the event of our withdrawal.

On the sea, the situation is similar. One or other of the opposing Fleets will decide not to give battle, but to hide, and to content itself with sudden raids on twopenny-halfpenny trawlers or obsolete cruisers. At all costs, and notwithstanding pride, it will avoid a battle *en grande tenue*. Likewise in the air. If Germany threatens to come over London with Zeppelins, England has already gone over Cologne. Stalemate—even in the clouds.

Whether one is speaking of a campaign by land or sea it is the same—the forces where they are equally matched, aim at producing deadlock. The men who control the armies, what do they do? They take up their pens. They abandon Krupp for Brandauer, Vickers-Maxim for Macniven and Cameron. No longer do the War Lords worry themselves about their supplies of ammunition. The question of questions is, "Have we enough ink?" A shortage of cordite would be no catastrophe comparable to a shortage of paper. For the Final Issue of the War is to be fought out no longer across battlefields by the nation's soldiers, but at roll-top desks by her journalists.

To descend to explanation. What is going to settle this war is the moral sustaining power of the combatants. Whichever is able to make out the best case in the newspapers of the neutral countries is going to get the verdict. Deadlock long continued, by land and sea, neither group of States being able to secure access to the enemy's capital, or altogether to annihilate his forces, there will be a still small voice within the hearts of the various rulers saying that longer to continue the ruthless sacrifice of life and treasure is some sort of a crime. Each will, therefore, set busily to work to impress on Public Opinion—wherever the Censorship allows such a thing to exist—that *his* plans for the treaty of peace are the best, and that if the other side will only be reasonable, all can be settled up in no time. The decision will rest on the chief among the neutral Powers—in the case of the present war, probably, the United States. Britons, as spokesmen of the *Entente*, will meet Germans in the columns of the *New York World* (or *Herald* or *Times*), and down those columns, and under the shadow of their beetling headlines, will march to battle the Forces of Argument. Victory will lie with the Power whose journalists are best up to their job, and—this is where my national and professional pride brings scarlet blushes to my cheeks—I'll wager my last ink-bottle that Britain will win in an easy canter. Britain has the best case: the Americans know it already.

We went to war for the higher of the rival moral principles. Britons stood for the rights of nations in general: Germans for the power of Germany in particular. We claimed a place in the sun for all and sundry, big and small, Germany for herself first and last. That we have the best case does not mean that we are, morally, the better of the two peoples. Probably man for man, a German is as highly purposeful as a Briton. But we are greater adepts in the game of being on the right side. We have had hundreds of years more experience. We have acquired, in addition to our "shopkeepers'" wealth and our Dominions, an altruistic habit of thought for which Prussia, busy with her big battalions and her siege guns, has had less than no time. We have dreamed, in our spare moments, of universal peace, of disarmament, of a United States of Europe, and our dreams have been ridiculed by the men of blood and iron and *realpolitiken*. Now, they realise, when they see Britain's view endorsed by the leading thinkers of America and of all the neutrals, that they have been beaten in advance by the pen, whatever happens to them finally with the sword. After a taste of our "contemptible little Army" they have to face the deadlier incision of our despicable little journalists.

Prussia is beaten, beaten, beaten! She had good soldiers, good boots, and good guns. But she has a bad case, and bad counsel in the pleading of it. If she fail to triumph on the battlefields and waters, she loses her power; but when she sits down before the "scrap of paper" she loses all that is left—her honour.

The arguments, oh, Wilhelm, are ours, and the greatest of these is your Royal and Imperial self! Taking your portrait, it needs but little more than for us to show it to America and say, "That uncle, is our case."

DOWNWRITER

All of them Doing OUR Country's Work

THE THREE BATTENBERG PRINCES WHO ARE NOW LOYALLY SERVING THEIR ADOPTED COUNTRY

Photograph *Dixon*

H.S.H. PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG

THE news that the fatal submarine attack on our three cruisers was followed by an interview between Mr. Winston Churchill and H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg reminded many people of the curious fact that the First Sea Lord of the British Navy is, by birth and family, an Austrian. Prince Louis was naturalised in 1868, ever since which he has served with distinction in our Fleet, rising to the First Sea-lordship in 1912

H.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BATTENBERG

Who left a bed of sickness to join his regiment, the 1st King's Royal Rifles, on active service

Photographs *Bassano*

H.H. PRINCE MAURICE OF BATTENBERG

Who is also in the 1st King's Royal Rifles, has had a narrow escape from death, a bullet from a German rifle passing through the peak of his cap

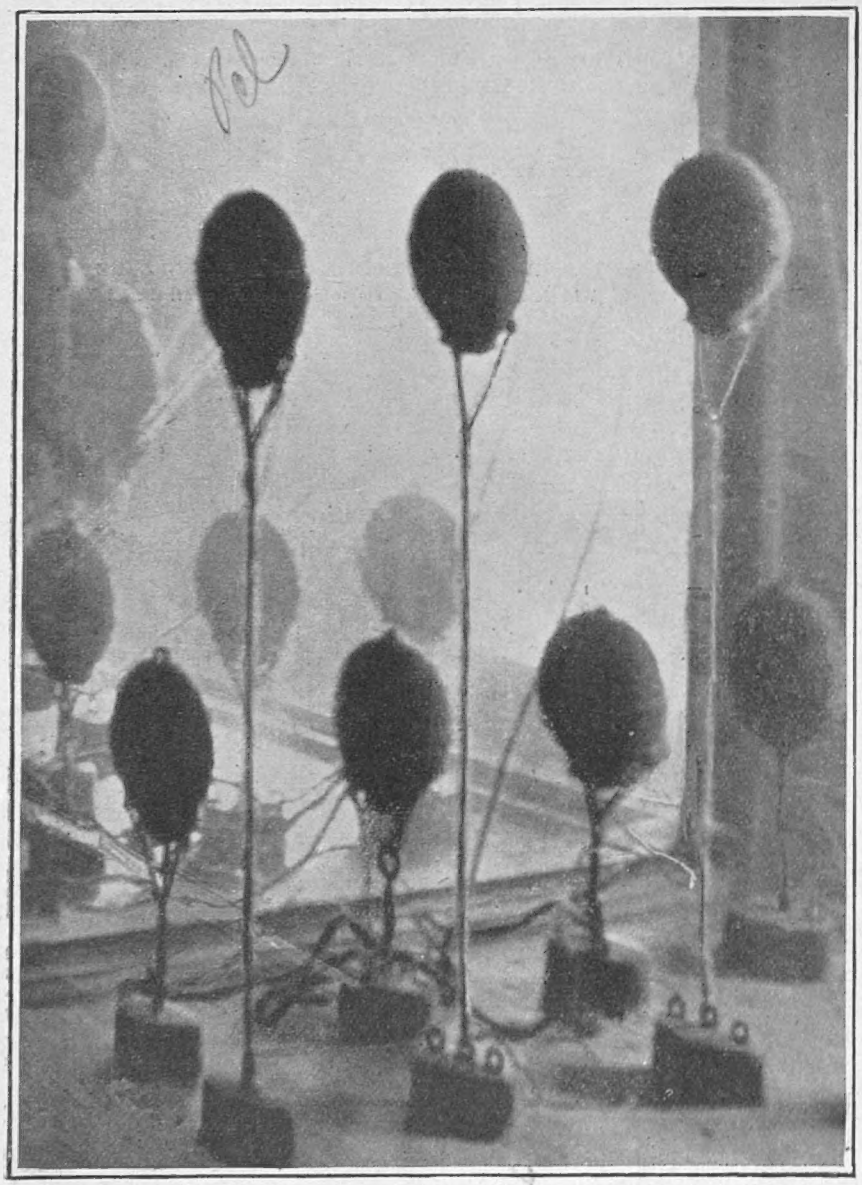
Will the Dreadnought Resist?

THE SUBMARINE PERIL

FORETOLD BY SIR PERCY SCOTT

Photograph Elliott & Fry
ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT

THE issue raised once again and very definitely by recent incidents in the North Sea is the immunity or vulnerability of the Dreadnought when pitted against the lurking danger of the submarine. So far no Dreadnought has been sent under because no Dreadnought has been engaged. The theory is that the five hulls of the great grey ship cannot be pierced by the torpedo of the submarine. That is a theory which should long ago have been tested—probably was tested, although experience has a uncomfortable way of demolishing the hypotheses set up by experimental practice. We have the most unhappy reasons for treating the power of the submarine's torpedo with respect. We have the evidence in the present war that the submarine is one of the most potent and dangerous accessories of naval armaments. We know that as against anything short of the Dreadnought class its aggressive action is certain disaster if it can deliver its charge. And all we do not know is its probable effects upon the Dreadnought. In short, the issue is narrowed down to Dreadnought *versus* submarine; and on that issue a number of authorities speak with no uncertain voice. In their view the Dreadnought is doomed; and the only reason that the smaller craft which have been proved vulnerable are not doomed is their smallness, greater mobility, and their comparative economy of men and money, in addition, of course, to their necessity for dealing with similar craft above water and their utility as feeders for submarines and seaplanes.



Photograph Cribb
How submarine mines look when laid beneath the sea. They explode on contact, and each may contain a charge of 500lbs. of gun cotton

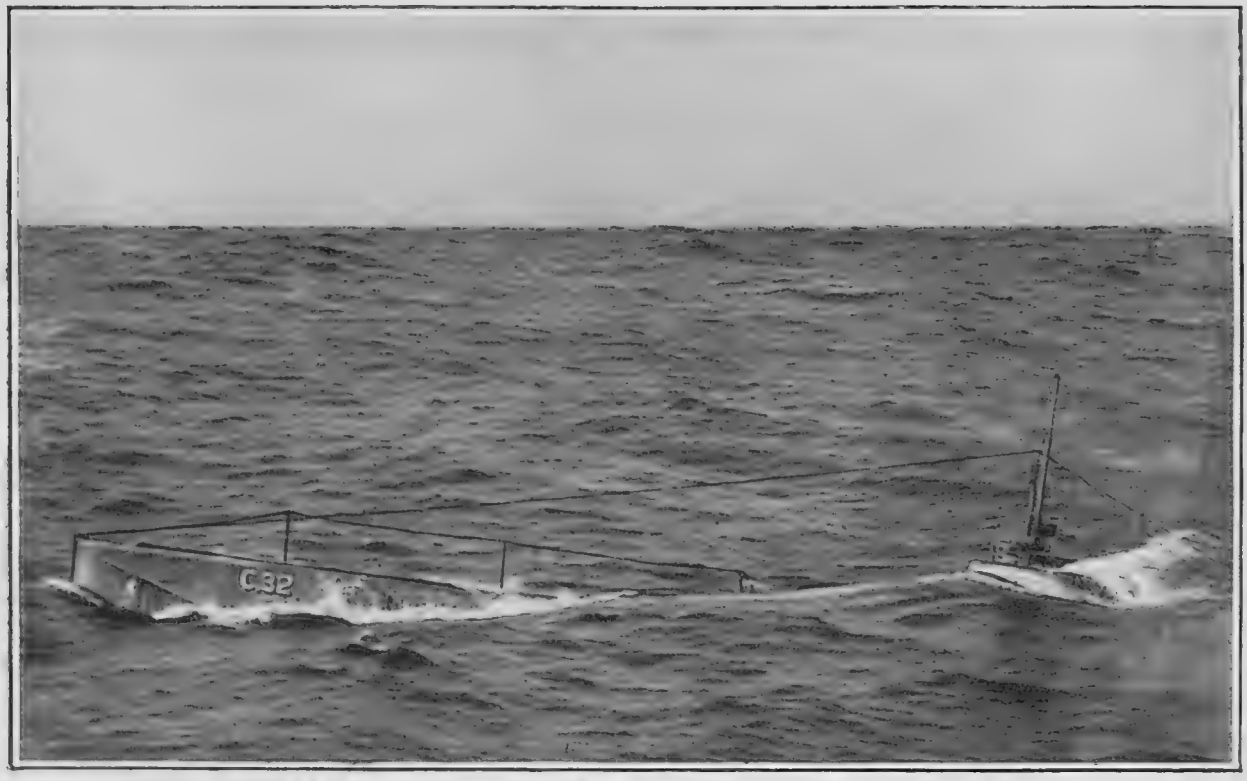
A few quotations will be valuable as indicating the view of men entitled to speak with authority: "They perform all the duties of a torpedo-boat," Admiral Mahan points out, "with the supreme advantage of being out of sight under water." Mr. John P. Holland, the father of American submarines, speaks of "a weapon against which there can be no defence," and in France M. Messimy made a similarly confident declaration, "*L'avenir de notre puissance navale est avant tout dans le sous-marin*"; while as late as last March Mr. Churchill said: "The whole system of naval architecture and the methods of computing naval strength are brought under review by the ever growing power of the submarine."

Against that we have little except the ancient view of Sir William White, that "in dealing with the submarine we were facing the unknown." To-day we are not facing so much of the unknown—very little indeed of the unknown.

We know something of what the new arm can do. We do not know all it can do but we may fairly conclude there is a lot of it—mostly deadly. Against that we do not know what the Dreadnought can do in the way of resisting the submarine, but we have the strongest reason for discomfort at the probabilities.

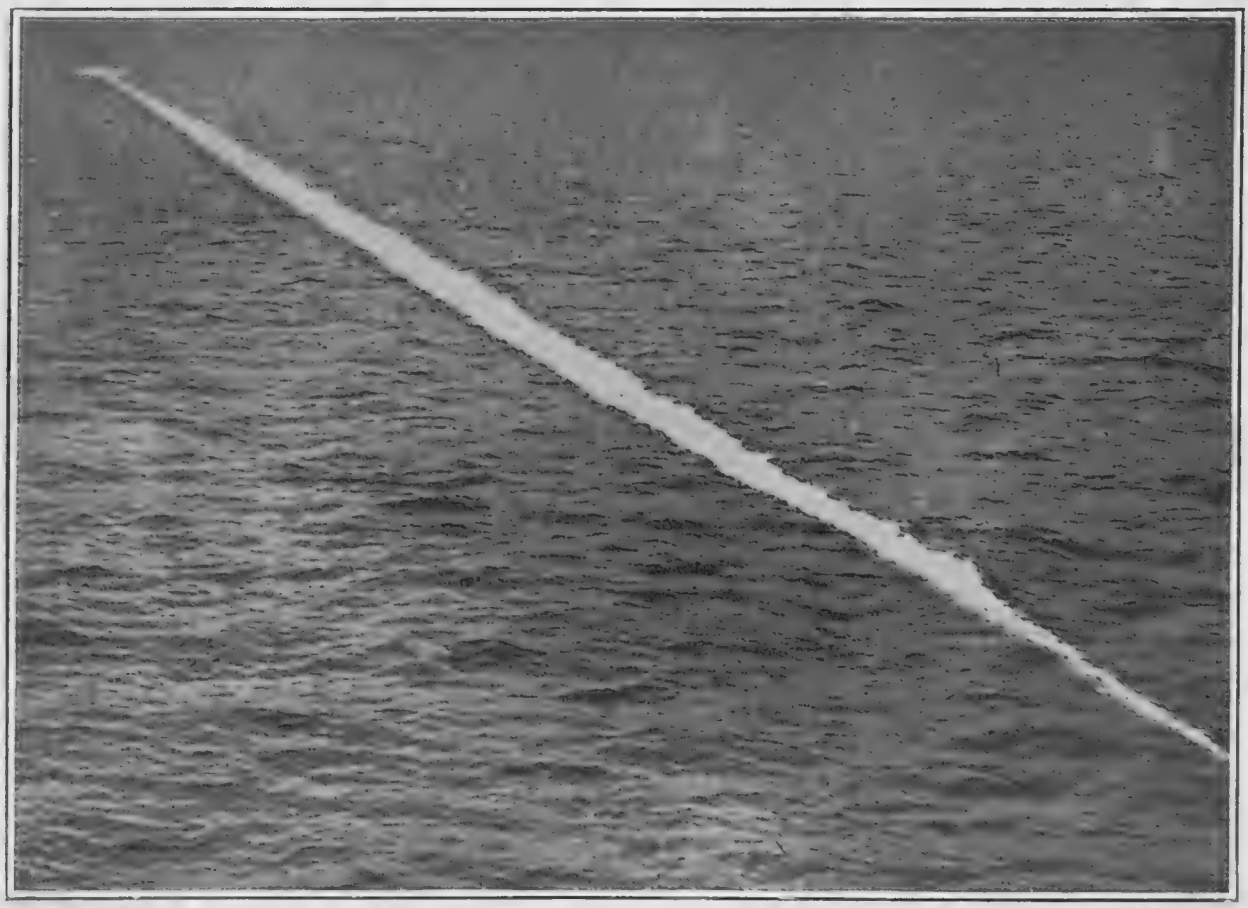
"As the motor has driven the horse from the road so has the submarine driven the battleship from the sea"

—Admiral Sir Percy Scott



THE SUBMARINE GOING BELOW TO DELIVER HER DREAD ATTACK

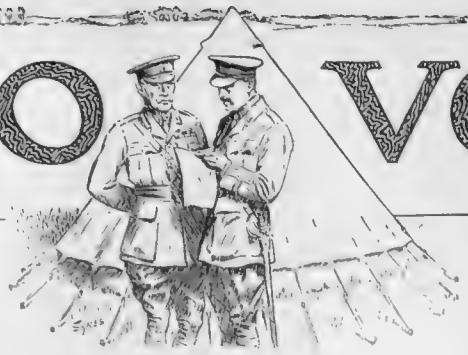
Even when on the surface she affords little or no target



THE TRACK LEFT BY THE DEADLY TORPEDO JUST LAUNCHED BY THE SUBMARINE AT HER GIANT PREY

The sinking of three British cruisers by German submarines in the North Sea on the morning of September 22 has once again brought into prominence Admiral Sir Percy Scott's famous and much-criticised dictum quoted at the head of this page

SOTTO VOCE



THESE are strange times, in which the Ancient and the Ultra-Modern make dramatic meetings. For instance, one of the possible objects of vandalist Zeppelin attack might be the Tower of London. Is it with the idea of safeguarding the historic pile that patriotic people are now busy circulating reports that it is again being used as a Traitors' Prison?

* * *

How these rumours originate is an ever fruitful subject of speculation. It is not difficult to guess how the Tower rumour started. Certain people first considered that certain other people were traitors and *ought* to be in the Tower; then they decided that they probably were in the Tower. Finally, they dropped the "probably."

* * *

Once a rumour of this kind is actually started there will always arise out of space a legion of eye-witnesses, people who knew other people who saw the Traitors taken to the Tower, heard their groans as they passed the dungeons, and saw the executioner sharpening his axe!

* * *

What a *lot* of history is now secretly in the making, and what lively times there are in store for the reputations of men against whom no word can now be spoken.

* * *

The circumstances under which Lord Kitchener took the War Office will one day be public property, and dramatic indeed will be the revelation. His recall from the Dover boat and the hour's telephonic conversation with the Prime Minister, in which he laid down the terms on which he would take over the Ministry, will certainly go down as among the episodes which have changed the face of history.

* * *

Certainly the war as it has gone under "K" is not the war as it would have gone under any other living man. Lord Kitchener is a towering and tremendous personality. It is impossible to conceive of his failing to get his own way. To the great French statesmen he was a revelation, and it is to him that General Joffre owes the free hand he has been given by the politicians since the Great Retreat—also the retirement of certain officers who were *not* a tower of strength.

* * *

Now that he has proved himself to be right, Kitchener's power amongst our Allies will be supreme. He is not the British War Minister only. He is the War Lord of the Allied Armies. We can well believe that when he sits with the Cabinet in Downing Street, Ministers recall the Sixth Form room. Such a man is a godsend at a time when chatterers are intolerable, and prompt decisive action is the thing.

The union of Parties for the prosecution of the War is far more actual and tangible than is generally supposed. There is no State Department where the Minister in charge has not received and is not receiving sustained personal help from Opposition leaders. The extreme case is the Treasury, where Mr. George would have completely gone under had it not been for the assistance of Mr. Chamberlain, who, in the days of crisis, worked the clock round and really saved the situation. Similarly at the Home Office, the War Office, and the Local Government Board, invaluable aid has been given. As yet no Minister has made the slightest acknowledgment of these services, and the omission is being bitterly commented on.

* * *

Considerable amusement has been heaped on a VERY SPECIAL Public School Corps that is in camp within twenty miles from London. They are not yet recognised officially, and pay for their own mess. They are known as Harrods' Specials, do sentry-go in nice kid gloves, and have nice big motor-cars in which to take their pleasure. Assuming that there is some serious reason why these public schoolboys should not mix with the good fellows who are officially recognised, it should not be forgotten that man for man they are quite as keen about making themselves efficient as are the rest. They will probably find that it is a very long way to Tipperary in their case, but, at any rate, they are sleeping out and getting swollen feet.

* * *

Some of them will find their way into Regular or, at any rate, Official Corps before long, and for the rest the winter is coming, and London is not so far away, and the motors are waiting.

* * *

The capturing of German trade goes on merrily apace. The French Government has now a London agency for the buying of goods—textiles particularly — which were formerly obtained from Germany. It is to be regretted, however, that the Leeds, Manchester and Bradford merchants who have most benefited by the change should be Germans themselves, who are allowed to continue peacefully to trade in those centres.

* * *

It is ironic that the man who is primarily responsible for the deaths of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men should be still in the land of the living. I mean Prinzig, the assassin of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Prinzig is to be tried in November. Perhaps we shall then get some facts concerning him, and what *really* happened before the fatal shot was fired. That he is not a Serbian at all, but a Hungarian, may then transpire. Which will lead us to ask whether the real instigators of the crime that led to the war may not have been not the Serbs, but his own countrymen.

SENTRY: "Halt! Who goes there?"
MUFFLED VOICES: "Friends"

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Enlisting "White Elephants"

LONDON'S VICTORIAN PALACES PUT TO PATRIOTIC USE

Photograph *G.P.U.*

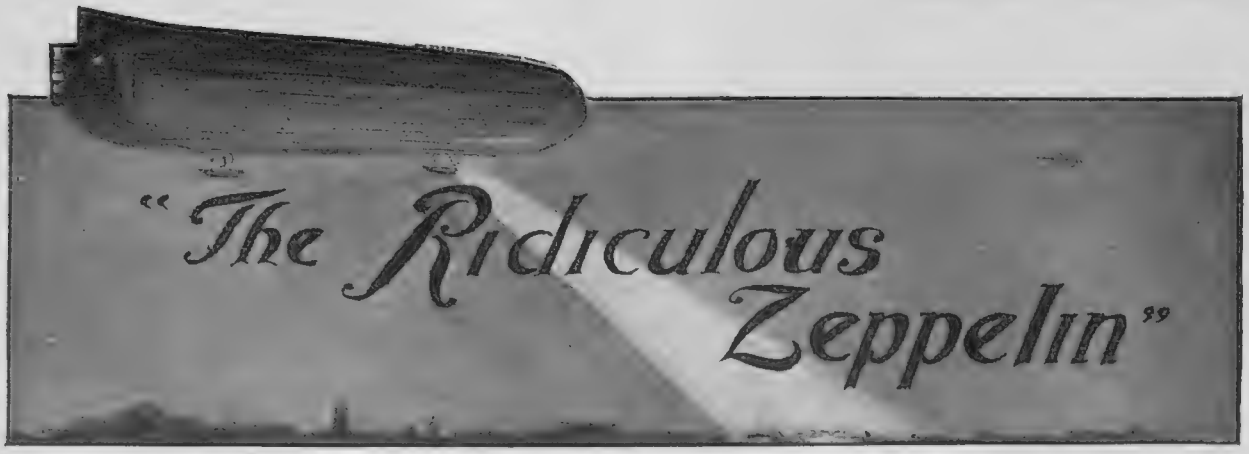
THE ALEXANDRA PALACE AS A HARBOUR FOR OUR HOMELESS ALLIES

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AS A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR OUR ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS

The men's sleeping quarters, with their hammocks slung, in Canada's Building

One of the most remarkable discoveries which have been made in the course of the war is that two of London's most famous "white elephants," the Alexandra Palace and the Crystal Palace, can actually be made to serve some useful purpose. We illustrate above the uses to which they are at present being put



BY "JINGLE" AND NORMAN MORROW

The Great Bomb Raid on Ostend

FOR reasons that are neither here nor there, Mr. Morrow and I were not able to get to Antwerp after all. The only available spot for us was Ostend, a town which has the supreme advantage which travellers claim for Glasgow, namely, that it is so easy to get away from it. Ostend is for the moment a deserted place. There has been no "season," as they dolefully remind you in the hotels and shops. The town is only partially lighted at night, and at ten o'clock even the lighted places are plunged into darkness. After half-past ten persons found in the streets are liable to be stopped and asked to give an account of themselves. No reliable news from the front comes through, except by way of the English papers, and when these are stopped (as they were one day last week without any explained reason), the town is in darkness in more senses than one. It was under these cheerless circumstances that Mr. Morrow and I sat on the night of our arrival in the dimly lighted room of a hotel wondering where we should turn for the news we had been sent to gather. And all at once, in the midst of our desolation, the Germans, with their characteristic good nature, sent us a Zeppelin.

When we first heard the snarl of the engines overhead we suggested laughingly to each other that the Germans were coming. Seriously, we had no doubt that the noise came from a Belgian airship manœuvring over the town in order to give its inhabitants a comforting guarantee of security. The snarling became louder and angrier, and then a waiter dashed into the room and switched off the single light by which we sat. "*Pardon, messieurs!*" he gasped, "but it is a Zeppelin! Look out for yourselves!" And the next moment he was gone again. Myself, I have never been able to take the antics of the Zeppelins seriously, but as a matter of curiosity we both went to the window to see if we could get a glimpse of the thing. It promised to be at least a small item of news. Before we could open the window, however, it was shaken by the effect of a loud explosion some distance away. A second explosion followed, and we waited with a curious feeling of impatience to see if the next explosion would be nearer or farther off. Mr. Morrow said he had heard that the right thing to do under these circumstances was to lie flat on the floor; but before we were reduced to that indignity the third explosion came, much fainter than the others, and then we realised that the show was over. As it was past eleven o'clock, we had no opportunity of going out then to see the damage (if any) that had been done, and as the Zeppelin, like the lightning, never strikes in the same place twice, we decided to go to bed. On the staircase the few guests in the hotel were crowded in all kinds of fanciful night attire, one or two specimens of which (with native modesty) we affected not to have seen, as we made our way to our rooms and slept the sleep of the just till the morning.

We did not see the airship ourselves, but, naturally enough, we found a great many people who claimed to have been more favoured. As, however, the streets had been cleared long before its arrival and the town was for the most part asleep, I did not receive the stories of those who had seen the Zeppelin with anything like enthusiastic credulity. It did not take us long to find out in the early morning where the bombs had fallen. Citizens who had been out since daylight were only too delighted to have the opportunity of showing two friendless strangers one of the newest sights of their town, while fanciful stories of hairbreadth escapes were, of course, in abundance. In every street we met a man who had either just left the spot struck by a bomb or had been just about to return to it; but, then, the craze for cheap heroism is to be met with in all lands. By the courtesy of the police, a courtesy inspired by the nicely engraved documents furnished us by our friend, Sir Edward Grey, we found our way to the Minque, which is the miniature Billingsgate of Ostend, the resemblance at the moment being all the greater from the fact that the people thereabouts were criticising the German Emperor with that fine emphasis for which our own famous fish mart is said to hold a world's record.

A bomb had certainly hit the Minque. There was no doubt about that. The first of the warehouses was just a litter of old iron, splintered wood, and waste paper. The front of the second warehouse had been removed bodily, so that the two floors gave you the impression of the front view of a child's doll's-house. The first floor of this building was the office

"THE RIDICULOUS ZEPPELIN" (continued)

of a factor's clerk, who pointed out to me with a nice touch of homeliness which I thoroughly appreciated that his sweetheart's photograph was still hanging serenely on the wall. I suggested delicately that the ravaging bomb had probably spared her for the sake of her pretty face, and we both bowed our acknowledgments. The proprietor of the warehouse which had suffered most then kindly took me in hand and showed me over the wreckage. He pointed out details with a surprising cheerfulness as if the spectacle rather amused him than otherwise, although he assured me that he had not the least chance of being indemnified for this latest outbreak of the "mad Apaches," as he called them in his jovial way. He showed me the remains of his iron safe, the repository of his business books and papers. It had been hurled a distance of ten feet, while the door had been wrenched off and flung a foot or so farther still. He pointed with his foot to the mangled iron door, and with quite delightful cheeriness observed that if he had been there in the place of the safe there would certainly not have been so much of him left to pick up. By way of emphasising the nonsensical futility of the whole thing he added that his business was practically ruined as soon as the war began, so that the subsequent destruction of his now useless offices by the Apaches was a work of supererogation. I have since read in the papers that a dog was killed by the explosion here, but the dog that was pointed out to me as having been present at the time was certainly very much alive and well. It may have suffered some inconvenience from the dropping of the bombs, but it certainly was not suffering the extreme inconvenience of being dead. At the same time, it probably ran a great risk, and its alleged death may, for all I know to the contrary, be even now hailed as a great victory in Berlin. For, since the Germans are resolved in the last extremity to arm every dog and cat in defence of the Fatherland, they may well impute the same determination to ourselves, and their jubilation at the timely destruction of a potential item of our last line of reserves would be quite comprehensible.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that the bomb exploded here was not aimed at the Minque at all. Exactly what was aimed at does not seem certain. Some cruel person has said that when a woman throws a stone you will be safe from harm in any spot except that which is immediately behind her; and the facts would seem to show that when the Zeppelins are hurling their "frightful" bombs the prudent man will try and get as near as possible to the object they are aiming at. He will be quite safe there.

The second bomb had come down about two or three hundred yards away from the Minque. It had fallen on an enclosed grass-plot, and had torn a hole in it ten feet in diameter and five feet deep. The dry, baked earth had been flung up on all sides like a bank of sand, and the police guarding the phenomenon had more than once to turn away with a gentle hand the children with spades and pails who discerned in the attractive heap of dust a substitute for the sands from which they had been temporarily exiled because their parents or guardians had been

THE DIGUE AND KURSAAL, OSTEND, 8 P.M.

An impression on the night when the raid took place

Thrice Taken and Retaken and Now a M

The ruins here depicted are all that is left of the Château de Mondemont famous as a landmark of Napoleonic days, for its original owner, Madame de Mondemont, was an intimate friend of the Emperor. During the retreat of the Germans to their entrenched

3 Pol

ass of Ruins: An Historic French Château

position on the line of the river Aisne, the Château was the scene of some of the fiercest fighting of the whole war, and was taken and retaken alternately by French and Germans no fewer than three times

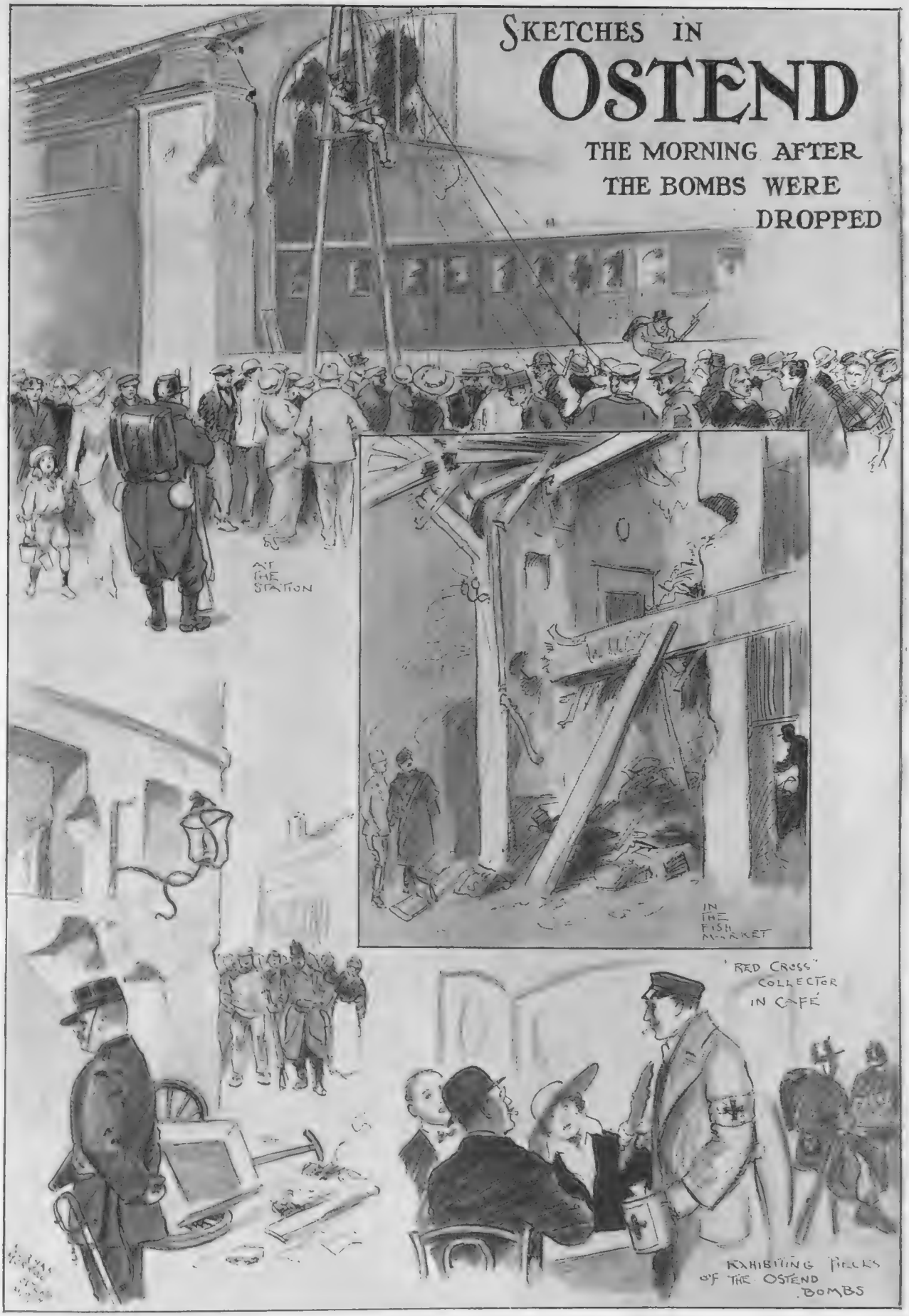
not unreasonably attracted to the bomb area. The hole was just outside the railway station, and a line of railway carriages in an adjacent siding had had every window broken to fragments by the shock of the explosion. Close by was a narrow canal, in which were two barges alongside one another. The nearest barge, which had been slightly damaged, had had no one aboard in the night; but the second barge, which had a sleeping cabin on its deck, had been occupied by an old couple, who were still to be seen on board. The windows of the cabin had been protected at night by metal shutters, so that they had not been affected by the convulsion in the air; but the shock to the aged couple must have been terribly severe. The man, however, was pursuing his work of cleaning his decks with a fine unconcern, while the old woman stood with her arms leaning on the roof of the cabin as if she were quite unaware of the crowd of idlers to whom she was such an object of interest. She just looked straight ahead out of her tired old eyes, and the quiet smile of contempt on her still handsome face seemed to be directed at the mighty War Lord of Europe, of whom she was surely thinking more in pity than in anger.

"She just looked straight ahead, and the quiet smile of contempt on her still handsome face seemed to be directed at the mighty War Lord of Europe, of whom she was surely thinking more in pity than in anger"

Beyond the canal, and about fifty yards from the spot at which the bomb had exploded, was a little café, the windows of which had been completely shattered. The café was doing quite a roaring trade, and on adding myself to the procession of customers I was invited to examine a hole in the wall above the bar, from which a piece of the bomb had been extracted. When I asked for further particulars I was referred to an old woman sitting in a corner of the café with eyes that stared before her with a rather horrid vacancy. A man at my elbow said that she was the proprietress of the café, but that she would speak to no one. This was a little embarrassing for me, as she was the one person in the place with whom I had an irresistible longing to converse. So I bought a glass of wine and went over to the table at which she was sitting and begged she would drink it to oblige me, as I was English and wanted to hear all about her trouble. At the word "English" she seemed to wake up; for just now the English are the spoiled darlings of the nearer parts of the Continent. She began to talk at once, and showed herself quite as adept in the gentle art of vigorous monologue as any of her sex—to whom, I am told, tradition assigns a born talent for sustained loquacity. It was some time before I could get her to bring her mind to bear on the actual facts, as her first and greatest anxiety was that I should clearly understand for my future guidance that the Prussians were not soldiers, but assassins, who would soon learn to their everlasting cost that there was a just God in Heaven. It was not until she had exhausted her entire resources of vituperation (many details of which were a picturesque revelation even to myself) that she could be persuaded to touch upon the interesting event of the hour; and even then she was tiresomely discursive. As far as I could judge she was suffering from nothing but severe fright—I do not think I ever saw anyone so badly scared—but she was quite eloquent on the disasters that might have happened to her. *If* her room had been in the front of the house, and *if* she had been in bed there at the time, she would, she assured me in tones of hardly justifiable anguish, have been dreadfully injured by the broken glass from the windows. She seemed to consider that she was entitled to as much sympathy for her imaginary wounds as any real injuries would have undoubtedly evoked; and as diplomacy is a cheap virtue in these days, I gave her my deepest condolences accordingly. Pressed finally to give me the plain unvarnished facts, she spoke to the following effect:

"The majority of the good people of Ostend do not take this silly and childish form of warfare seriously. The cafés on the following evening were as full and as animated as ever"

"*Figurez-vous, monsieur,* I am here in my café, *n'est-ce-pas?* It is late, and I prepare for bed. All at once, without a word of warning, I hear a noise like the rattle of a thousand thunders, and all the place is lit up with a blinding flare of light. I cry out, '*mon Dieu, mon Dieu!* what is it?' And the *garçon* calls up from below and says it is the *sales Boches.* They are come at last! Then there is another explosion, only much nearer and much more thunderous, and I scream aloud, and my daughter screams as well. The *garçon* tells us to come to the cellar, where we shall be safe, and we crawl down there, my daughter and I, and sit clinging to each other, with a fear that is known only to the good God, all through the long night. When daylight comes—it is about five o'clock, *hein?*—we hear the footsteps of people on the pavement above us, and we venture out.

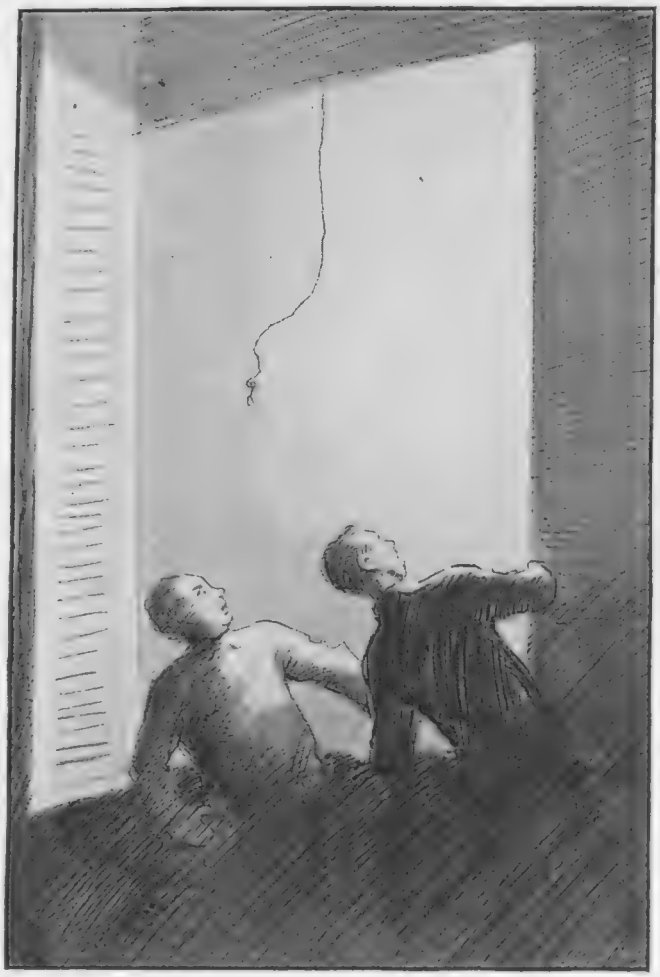


Sketches by Norman Morrow of scenes of which he was an eye-witness after the Zeppelin raid on Ostend on the night of September 24

"THE RIDICULOUS ZEPPELIN" (concluded)

I did not think to be alive to-day, but it is as the good God wills. I shall never be able to go to sleep in Ostend again. I shall get some money and go to England. It is only in England that one is safe in these times. . . ."

On the other hand, further investigation assured me that the majority of the good people of Ostend do not take this silly and childish form of warfare seriously. After all, the strategical advantage to be derived from scaring a couple of nervous women cannot show a very profitable dividend on the capital cost of a Zeppelin. In the centre of the town the cafés on the following evening were as full and as animated as ever. There were the usual little parties of *Manille*, and if the conversation turned at all on the exploits of the Zeppelin it was only as an outlet for scornful derision. The farcical policy of "goin'-ter - make - yer - flesh - creep," which was expected to produce fear and panic, has succeeded merely in inspiring contemptuous disgust. The whole of this manifestation of outdrawn puerility could only have been invented by people cruelly deprived of a healthy sense of humour. As an old gentleman said to me in one of the cafés, "A dog in the streets may go mad at any minute and bite you, but you cannot spend all your time in cultivating a foolish fear of mad dogs." And one of the Ostend papers pleasantly remarks that the only net result of the great Zeppelin raid was to disturb for a moment the eternal rest of a few soles and haddocks in the Fish Market! That is the sane attitude adopted by the people of Ostend (who are a bare fifty miles from the fighting line) towards the policy of "frightfulness" encouraged by the ridiculous Person who claims to hold in his hand the keys of a moral and intellectual heaven upon earth. As was once remarked of a celebrated actor's impersonation of Hamlet, it is funny without being vulgar.



"We both went to the window to see if we could get a glimpse of the thing"

There is a lot of wild talk about a fleet of Zeppelins which is to cross the North Sea in the night and scatter bombs over our Fleet, which, as everyone knows, is for the moment concentrated at that now historical spot "——." As far as I can see, if the Zeppelins should ever try and aim a bomb at our Fleet in the North Sea, it would be as well for the good people of, say, Manchester or Land's End, to take to the woods for a while for safety. They will have plenty of notice of the approach of the excitement. I can testify personally to the fact that a Zeppelin in the neighbourhood makes a noise as loud as a motor-cycle passing in the street, and the approach of a hundred of them (or whatever the fanciful number may be) would be announced by a roar like that of a roll of thunder. The chief danger is, of course, to the little children who cannot be taught prudence quite so readily as we ourselves, the "children of a larger growth"; and we have seen from the progress of this war that whether by design or accident the number of casualties caused by the Prussians among little children is disastrously out of proportion to the laws of average.

When Bismarck was asked what he would do if a hundred thousand British soldiers landed in Germany he replied sarcastically that he should send for the police. I think we shall show a greater wisdom if and when the Zeppelins come to London by ringing-up the fire brigade and then going back to bed. And if a Zeppelin should be brought down to earth I do not think the police should be put to the indignity of having to arrest its heroic occupants, but should be instructed to move them on after giving them a well-directed kick where it will do them the most good. JINGLE

NEXT WEEK

"JINGLE" and NORMAN MORROW

WILL DESCRIBE THEIR EXPERIENCES AMONG THE

RUINED CITIES AND VILLAGES OF STRICKEN BELGIUM

"Can't You See I'm Busy"

AFTER THE WELL-KNOWN PICTURE OF AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF LORD ROBERTS DURING THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

Kitcheners All

OUR FELLOW CLUBMEN, AS THEY APPEAR TO REGARD THEMSELVES AT THE PRESENT MOMENT

The Artist Unawares: A Tale From The Front

I RETURN from Paris having discovered one human being of French nationality whose horror at the iniquitous behaviour of the German invader, though she has seen it with her own eyes and in her own home, lacks the ring of sincerity. Her name is Madame Lucie de Grammont, and she is staying at present at a flat near the Champs Elysées. My mission to her was a self-imposed one. I had news of personal interest to bring her from the front, at which I had been as a newspaper correspondent up to the moment of the arrival of the Germans, when, of course, I fled—I mean, I took up a better position further to the rear (that is, in Paris). I found Mme. de Grammont—a pretty woman of early middle age.

An *Echo de Paris* was on the floor at her feet, and on the little table at her side a glass of *crème-de-menthe frappée;* she was smoking a cigarette.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, noticing the paper. "Perhaps there is no need to tell you. You have read in the papers the glorious news that the French have re-occupied your village, and that the enemy is in flight, never to return."

"*Oui, monsieur,*" said Madame, puffing her cigarette, "I have read it in the paper."

"Good. But perhaps you do not know what is of even more interest to you—that your charming home is intact. The Huns have spared it save only one outbuilding."

Mme. de Grammont surprised me. Instead of rising from her seat and treating me to the passionate embrace I had confidently counted upon from the moment I left Belleville-sur-Oise to my arrival at her *appartement* in Paris, she sat calm and still, the slightest of possible smiles on her face.

"I am glad that the house is intact, and when the war is over I shall return to it. I knew about the outbuilding. I saw it burn, and when the last plank of it had fallen I left . . . *Les Allemands*—ah!"

"*Ils sont vandales,*" I interrupted, fiercely.

"*Oui, monsieur.* But *vandales* are sometimes artists *malgré eux.* I am an artist, as you know. My painting of the view from my window, showing the waters of the Oise through the copse at the end of the garden—was it not in the last Paris Salon? Now, thanks to *les Allemands*— "

"I do not understand."

"Listen then!

"Belleville-sur-Oise was, as you may know, chosen by our *Grande Armée*——"

"*Vive la Grande Armée,*" I exclaimed.

"*Exactement!* Belleville was chosen as the training quarters of the Xth Cavalry Reserve, and for six weeks before the war I had quartered on me a regiment and their horses and all. Soon after they came, *monsieur le Colonel,* who had taken possession of my horses, lawns, fields, garden, orchard, greenhouses, outhouses, and of all my available bed and sitting-rooms, announced that even then he had not enough accommodation. He must build for his horses another stable a hundred feet long, and the site he had chosen for it was the meadow in front of the house, between my window and the view of the river which I had immortalised in the Salon.

"I tried in vain to persuade him to build it elsewhere, and not to spoil my view. But he was obdurate—and rightly so. The requirements of the Army must take precedence of everything. So they built the shed, and every morning as I awoke I saw day by day the scene of my picture being ravished before my eyes, till at last it was destroyed altogether.

"Then, monsieur, the terrible news came that *les Allemands* were near. One day the order was given, and the Xth Regiment of Cavalry rode out in the morning to engage in battle five miles away. At evening they retired quickly. They passed through our village—what was left of them—to rejoin the other armies in retreat nearer Paris. Next morning, at daybreak, the Germans arrived.

"Mine is the first house in the village, and as I sat in my studio overlooking the new stable I was told that Colonel von Hintzpeffer demanded to see me. He was shown up. No, monsieur, the Vandal did not shoot me, nor did he do me any kind of injury or even insult. On the contrary, he saluted and went to my window. Speaking in French, he said with perfect *politesse:*

"'A good view, madame. A very good view. But not good enough. One cannot see all one would like of your charming river, at the other side of which your brave countrymen are now in such rapid retreat. Now, I have to acquaint you with my decision—that that building there be immediately razed to the ground. As an artist'—he looked round my studio—'it will revolt your soul that we should have to perpetrate the outrage to destroy such a triumph of later French architecture, but——'

"'But,' I said, remembering the words of our own Colonel, 'the requirements of the Army must take precedence of everything.'

"'Precisely,' said the Colonel, with a bow. 'Then we proceed to burn it?'

"'If you must, *monsieur le Colonel.*'

"He was about to leave, when I stopped him. Into his hand I pressed a little silver matchbox.

"'Would you, as a special favour to me, and as a service to Art, set it alight with one of my matches?'

"He viewed me with astonishment.

"'If you insist . . . but may I keep the matchbox as a souvenir?'

"'On one condition, *monsieur le Colonel*—and that is that you allow me to remain here at my window to see it burn, and then that you give me an escort out of your lines and on the road to Paris.'

"He said he would be charmed. . . .

"It was a glorious, glorious blaze, monsieur. The best I have ever seen, and at the end of it I saw my view once again.

"The artist within me reigned, for a few brief moments. Then—I became once again the patriot. *Vive la France!*—even though her *Grande Armée,* now that it is once again at Belleville, rebuild a hundred altogether accursed stables!

"And the Vandals? Oh, yes, *à bas les Alboches,* of course! But you will excuse me if I abstain from any more angry words against the enemy. You see, I *am* an artist, and so, just for that once—unawares—was he!"

THOMAS TATTENHAM

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The Truth About Dum-Dum Bullets

BY DR. HAYDN BROWN

1. A BULLET AFTER "MUSHROOMING"

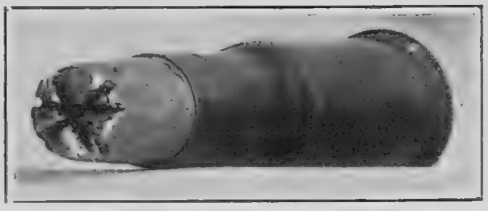
1a. DUM-DUM REVOLVER BULLET

AMONG the various characteristics and incidents of the Great War the use of dum-dum bullets once again enters as a distressing and important matter. Are they really used? What is their effect?

As a matter of public interest, but also to serve as a guide in inquiry, I am able to give illustrations of various forms of these bullets from a collection which I possess of specimens actually used in a former great war, all having been taken from dead and wounded of the enemy, my position as surgeon having afforded me the best of opportunities for making a study of the subject on the spot.

2. DUM-DUM BULLET WOUND IN THE ARM

Showing how the flesh is lacerated: from a photograph taken during the Boer War



3. IMPROVISED DUM-DUM

Sometimes made, without authority, by soldiers themselves

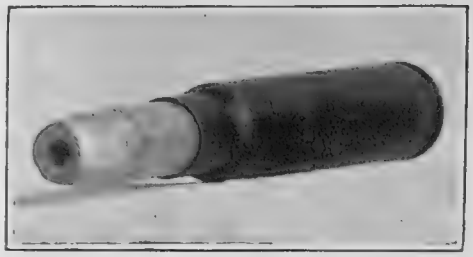
Dum-dum is a term which may fairly be applied to all bullets which do not make a clean passage through whatever part of the body is struck, but expand, split-up, or "mushroom" (as in the illustration marked 1), making increased havoc in consequence, and ending in exit that is vastly greater than entrance. The illustration marked 1*a* gives a good idea of the structure of a dum-dum, being a revolver cartridge with hollowed-out free end of bullet. Illustration No. 2 is a photograph of a man's arm through which a dum-dum bullet has passed. The dark marks clearly show the multiple exit caused by the break-up of the bullet. The flesh is roughly lacerated, various pieces of ragged bullet having passed irregularly through.

Illustration No. 3 represents a form of dum-dum which is made by the soldier himself; this specimen taken from one who was killed (for the wounded are careful to throw such away at once if they are able) is an ordinary

4. VARIOUS TYPES OF "MUSHROOMING" BULLETS, USUALLY TERMED "SOFT-NOSED"

THE TRUTH ABOUT DUM-DUM BULLETS (*concluded*)

bullet which has been cut with a pocket knife. In this prepared state it will produce very destructive effect.



5. BULLET WITH HOLE DRILLED IN IT TO PRODUCE "MUSHROOMING"

Illustration No. 4 shows types of mushrooming bullets, commonly termed soft-nosed, the metal being softer at the tip than are the tips of ordinary bullets, the sheath of harder metal below giving them all the advantages of ordinary bullets in speeding through the air.

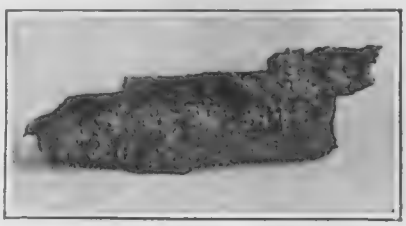
6.—POINTED BULLET

The next illustration (5) is of a dum-dum which will have expansile, splitting, and mushrooming effects, a hole having been drilled into the long axis. This form is said to be made to-day for practice purposes, and to be used by both French and Austrians, because they do not penetrate the protection shields at the practice ranges.

Then follows a more pointed form of bullet (6). These and the still more pointed, as now commonly used by the Germans, cause a greater wound than ordinary bullets at shorter ranges, but quite an ordinary wound at long range. This fact has appeared strangely paradoxical and hard to explain. I venture, however, to offer my opinion that the greater wound at short range is due to the first swifter momentum being less influenced by the air than a lesser momentum at further distance, causing the bullet to wobble more or less at first, until it finally becomes affected by the air, when its conical shape then steadies it. In other words, the balance of this bullet needs correcting to make it more humane at short range, its weight being increased at the point and diminished at the base, without altering the shape or carrying power.

With regard to the probability of dum-dums being used in warfare to-day I have to point out that they have been used extensively in at least one great war of recent years. They are probably being used in the present war to a small extent. They are made primarily for sporting purposes. In automatic pistols the dum-dum will be more effectual than an ordinary bullet; the former is wanted because it is desirable to get as much effect as possible from as small an arm as possible. Sporting dum-dum rifle and revolver bullets may be brought out by volunteers and *franc-tireurs* on occasion, it may be either purposely or unwittingly. The soldier or reservist may also be a sportsman and keep sporting dum-dum cartridges, and may be induced to use them when war breaks out. He may even have a quantity mixed, and draw upon all regardless.

If dum-dum wounds are found on either side during the present war they are probably caused by one of the following, in order of likelihood: (*a*) By dum-dum automatic pistol bullets at close range; (*b*) by bored practice bullets; (*c*) by ordinary bullets which have struck a button or something very hard in the pocket before entering the body; (*d*) by ricochet bullets which will sometimes produce dum-dum effect; (*e*) by ordinary bullets which have been cut in the field of battle by spiteful-minded men, for the purpose of increasing their stopping and killing power; (*f*) by small pieces of shell or shrapnel material irregular in shape, such as the last illustration (7) represents.



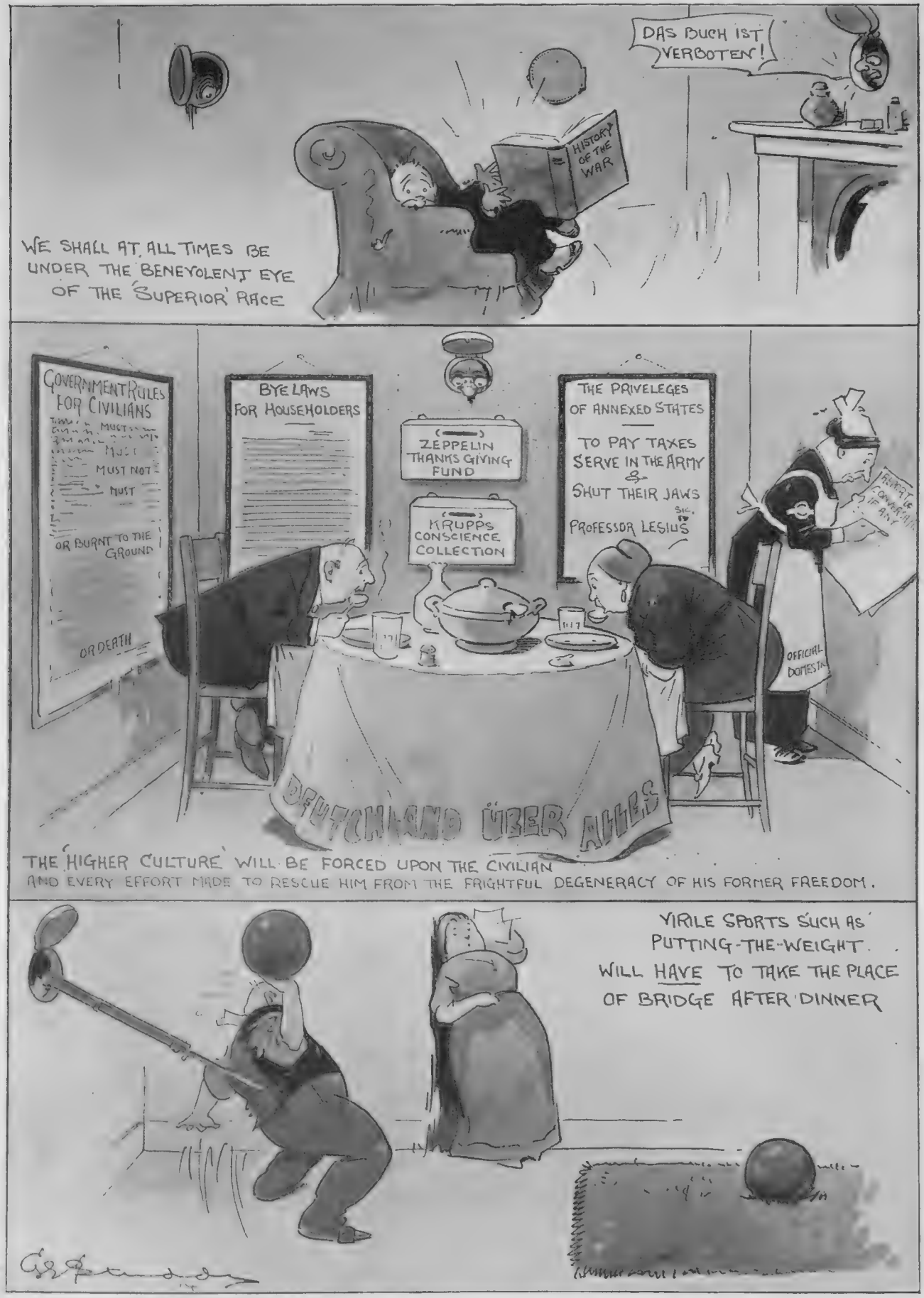
7. A PIECE OF SHRAPNEL SHELL

HAYDN BROWN

OFF TO THE FRONT—EVENTUALLY

Soldiers of the German Landsturm leaving Berlin for barracks where they will be fitted out with arms and accoutrements. They are said to be Germany's last line of defence and, as will be seen, are men of all ages

IF Prussian Militarism Survives



No. I.—THE HOME LIFE OF THE FUTURE

THE IRISH CONTINGENT OF THE U.P.S. ARRIVING AT EPSOM

On Being Billeted: BY ONE WHO TAKES TWO

THE first outward sign of what has happened is written in chalk on our garden gates. Mine bears the figure two; the people opposite are down for three; the widow lady next door takes four; while the local big-wigs, with the large, long, rambling houses, are at sixes and sevens.

Local Society receives, at the hands of the Government, a new table of precedence. Everybody is, of course, perfectly friendly with everybody else, but the "sixes and sevens," who were formerly quite pleasant, are now just the weest bit supercilious in their manner to the threes and twos, while as for the twelvers—the people in the mansions—they barely nod to us now.

Our village, to explain, has received the order of the Billet. That once impregnable fortress, our house, is now as Liège or Namur—fallen. It is occupied by not the enemy, but the friend—by the British Army in preparation, by "Kitchener's Own." And it's a wise War Minister that knows his own Army. To his keen eye they will appear a well-set-up body of young men. Clean-limbed, open-faced, in Norfolks and flannels, heads free of hats, upright as darts, they swing to and fro to drills in a way that inspires boundless confidence for next spring. We, too, when we see them all together, are proud and pleased to have them upon us. But the ordeal was at first a trying one. For there are billets *and* billets.

The question on every local lip on the morning after the invasion was, "What's yours?"—conveying not an invitation to drink, but an inquiry as to exactly what sort of billet Fate had fixed upon *you*. Was it the 'Varsity, Eton, Harrow, Marlborough . . . and that sort of thing, or was it . . . well, you know, the other sort?

The answer was delivered in terms of meals.

Your neighbours either had theirs with their billets, or had given them a separate room. That was laconic, but it told us all.

The first meeting had revealed to one's eye in a flash the fact that the term "Public Schools" was as wide as space itself, and inclusive to the n^{th} degree.

The "billet" either conformed to the accepted public school notion of youthful speech and deportment and manner, or it didn't. In the one case one dinner-table was laid, in the other, two.

One discovered, comparing notes, that "Kitchener's Own," though they have a long, long way to go to Berlin, have an even longer before they reach Unity of Type. At present, they vary amazingly. There are the keen-as-razor men, dying to get to the front, because that is the one proper place to be sent to. There are those who joined because everybody else had done so, and were resigned to go to the front if they were sent. There were others who admitted that they had been bullied, scorned, and chaffed into joining, and who were anything but pleased at the prospect before them.

To imbue them one and all with the same ideal became, therefore, the task of the "billetees." Some of us have to level up, others to level down. A has a "Didn't Wanter" to deal with, and must preach duty and discipline and patriotism, while B, having a young man with an inordinate desire to die for his country, has to preach the virtues of *sang-froid*.

We shall get no thanks, of course, we billetees. To the Government we are merely letters of compulsory lodgings. Lord Kitchener has probably no idea of the new moral forces that he has mobilised in the recesses of rural suburbia. With one stroke of the pen he has converted into Preachers people who would never have thought themselves capable of setting good examples to anybody. Yet there it is! I am, for the nonce, a teetotaller. Jenkinson has given up bridge. Mrs. X. . . . has put away French novels for Bernhardi, Von Bulow, and the White Paper. Wilkinson—an erstwhile late-bird—now turns his lights out and the keys in his doors at ten sharp.

As for local trade—well, there's no describing the effect of fifteen hundred new inhabitants upon that. The village is positively raided, and how to keep pace with orders for meat, fruit, groceries, beer, spirits, and tobacco, is the puzzle of the place.

And laundresses——. No, we know nothing officially about that, and I decline to commit myself to any opinion on the point. When the "billets" first arrived, we settled how we were to feed and sleep them, but we declared, with the emphasis of Monkey Brand, that we would not wash clothes, and, what was more, we would not pay for the washing thereof. Nothing was said about the matter in the Billeting Order, which granted us ninepence a night for bedroom, $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ for breakfast, $1s.$ $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ for dinner, and $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ for supper. But it was silent about washing. Therefore, said we to the War Office, so are we. We have no official knowledge of the existence of such a thing.

Nothing When You're Used to It

THE UNCONCERNED ATTITUDE OF THE BELGIAN SOLDIER TOWARDS GERMAN SHELL-FIRE

Photograph *Dixon*

SHELLS BURSTING OVER THE VILLAGE OF GREMBERGEN, IN EAST FLANDERS

The attitude of the Belgian soldiers in this picture, in which can be seen the smoke of four shells in the act of bursting, affords ocular demonstration of the fact that on a campaign soldiers soon acquire the habit of taking shell-fire more or less as a matter of course, although upon those who are unused to it it has a most terrifying effect

The War Problem in Ireland

WILL THE NATIONALIST VOLUNTEERS FIGHT?

BYSTANDING in Ireland is about as difficult an occupation as can well be imagined—more especially if one is conscientious. Everything seems so obvious, so differentiated, and yet everything contains a pitfall for the unwary Saxon. Not only for the Saxon, either. An Irish acquaintance told me the other day that he had lived in Munster for years and did not yet know what the inhabitants really thought about anything. When they talked about the weather or Home Rule—the two inevitable elementary subjects of conversation—he never was sure whether or no they wanted him to believe that they meant what they said, or said what they meant, or didn't mean what they didn't say. Words and convictions, he assured me, have no necessary connection at all in this country.

* * *

As a matter of fact, the great question down here in the extreme South of Ireland does not seem to be exactly Home Rule, but the National Volunteers. Are they good, bad, or indifferent; will they enlist in Kitchener's Army or will they not? Faithful to his vow, the Irish Bystander offers no opinion. But he has seen them—and as they are not Russians he is entitled to believe his eyes. One night recently they marched along the streets of Queenstown to celebrate the placing of Home Rule on the Statute Book. First came a big drum and some fifes playing "Who fears to speak of '98?" then some boys looking like Boy Scouts, as probably they were, then about 150 men with green felt hats carrying real rifles—at least they appeared to the Saxon eye to be real rifles. The first hundred men looked splendid and quite smart, but they degenerated somewhat in the rear. The last file contained a sweep, still grimy with soot, and what looked like a baker's boy still white with flour. Probably they would fight as well as anyone else, but they did not look impressive.

* * *

The Irish Bystander, then, ventures to assert that the National Volunteers really exist. But as to their capabilities he professes nothing. Instead he has collected opinions, and has, perhaps, been rather exceptionally fortunate in that he has happened to light on one of the few gentlemen in Ireland (the Unionists say there are only three of them) who have interested themselves in the National Volunteer movement. The career of these three (again according to the Unionist gentry) has been decidedly chequered. To begin with, they are all mad; to end off with one has resigned because he was not allowed to degrade a sergeant for some offence or other, while another has been turned out because he volunteered for the front without waiting for the Home Rule Bill to pass. The last, presumably, is still performing his dubious duties.

* * *

The extremely intelligent and agreeable gentleman who gave me his views on the question naturally said nothing about these misfortunes. He said that the Volunteers were of first-rate fighting material; that a great many would certainly fight against Germany; that the reason they had not offered themselves at once was because they could or would not take the oath of allegiance before the passing of the Bill. He also pointed out the incontrovertible fact that it had taken fifty years for the English Volunteers to become of any use. Incidentally, also, he expressed an opinion that Ulster only pressed for exclusion to make difficulties, not seriously believing it possible; and he opined that Sir Edward Carson's marriage argued a belief that the struggle was over.

* * *

On the other hand, the Irish Unionist gentleman—because in his opinions he is as one man—said that the National Volunteers were rebels born, and that Redmond will do nothing with them; that they were also scallywags and in no way comparable to the

"We will arm every man, child, cat, and dog in the Empire."—*The Kaiser*

(At present the German hordes seem to be composed of an entirely different species of animal!)

JOHNNIE WALKER: "How goes the recruiting?"
SERGEANT: "Like yourself, Sir; still going strong."

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magnificently organised, perfectly disciplined (insert laudatory adjectives *ad lib*) Volunteers in Ulster. Incidentally, he thought it very lucky that the Germans had maltreated priests in Belgium, as that, at any rate, had killed pro-Germanism in Ireland. Nothing else, he insinuated, could have done this so effectually. On the whole, then, he was fairly resigned.

But one thing I know, for not only the country gentlemen, but the officers in the garrison, have said so with the greatest emphasis: Everybody feels, whatever the extent of his prejudice against Home Rule, that Mr. Asquith not only acted wisely, but that he would have been wrong in acting otherwise, even if he could have done. The Irish understand Ireland—and the Irish-American. F. T.

The "Devil's Own"

THE INNS OF COURT RIFLES: SOME OF OUR LEARNED AND GALLANT SOLDIERS

Back Row: Armourer Burns, Private Lippman, Ex-Colour-Sergeant Saw, Sergeant Terrell, Sergeant Williams, Colour-Sergeant Briggs, and Sergeant Monsell. Second Row: Colour-Sergeant Gutteridge, Corporal French, L. W. Byrne, Esq., Lieutenant P. F. Warner, Hugh K. Ryan, Esq., Sergeant Slaxsby, and Sergeant Taylor. Front Row: Colour-Sergeant-Instructor Vassila, Staff-Sergeant Hale, Captain Willoughby, Major J. A. Hay (O.C. Depôt), Lieutenant Matthews, Captain W. A. G. Woods, and Colour-Sergeant-Instructor Fraly

NO Officers' Training Corps has had a more distinguished career, or has done better work at the present time, than the "Devil's Own," a *sobriquet* said to have been bestowed upon the Inns of Court Corps by the late Prince Regent. Originally composed only of barristers and their clerks—a fact perpetuated by the Bugle Call "A guinea for the Governor and a crown-piece for the Clerk"—the Corps is nowadays recruited from the four Inns of Court; Advocates of Scotland; the King's Inn, Dublin; past and present members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; past members of many of the Public Schools, and "gentlemen considered by the O.C. as specially eligible." The Corps traces its origin to the year 1584, when under Lord Ellesmere it served at Tilbury in land operations against the Armada. Later in the Civil War, headed by Lord Lyttelton, it acted as the Special Guard of the person of Charles I. at Whitehall. In 1745, led by Chief Justice Willes, it marched to Finchley to fight the Pretender, while in the Napoleonic wars it furnished "two valiant corps." In recent times many distinguished lawyers have served in the Corps, among whom may be mentioned Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, and Mr. Justice Warrington. Originally the strength consisted of one squadron and three infantry companies, but since the outbreak of the present war, under a special order of the War Office, the establishment has been raised to one squadron and eight infantry companies. Already no less than four hundred officers have been gazetted to various line regiments, while several old members have been posted to the Staff of Bisley School, which is engaged in training Lord Kitchener's new army in musketry. The Corps is at present under the able command of Lieut.-Colonel F. H. Errington, V.D., and the Adjutant is Captain J. Rainsford-Hannay, an officer who fought with distinction in the Boer War.

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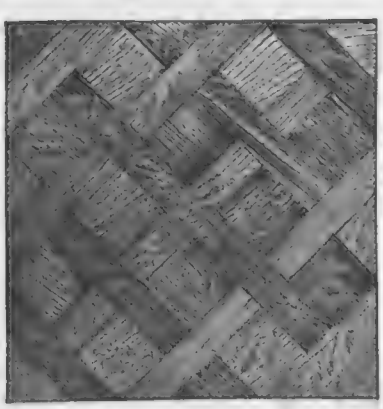

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Work for Women

BY "EFEMERA"

THOSE German optimists (?) who looked for a short and happy six weeks' war must be sadly disappointed, for winter is at hand, and the war, now two months old, is hardly begun. How long it may last no one can pretend to say, but we must face the fact that distress and misery among the poor will be an increasingly serious problem the longer it continues.

As I have pointed out before, the hardship of war falls more heavily on women than on men. Anxiety, uncertainty, the loss of natural protectors, are harder to bear than the strain of actual fighting or the pain of wounds. But those women whose loved ones have gone to the front are not the only sufferers. At the very beginning of the war relief funds were started, and with these and the separation allowances granted by the Government the dependents of the men who are fighting our battles are guaranteed against material want. It is the women and girls who depended upon their individual work for their livelihood and often that of their families as well, and who, as a result of the war, are thrown out of employment, who need all the help we can give.

H.I.M. THE TSARITSA

In the uniform of the regiment of Russian lancers of which she is honorary colonel. Will she accompany the Tsar to the front?

There are two ways of dealing with such distress. One is a system of doles, a blind alley leading nowhere. It may relieve actual want, but in the end leaves the recipient in worse case than it found her, more dependent upon outside help and with diminished self-respect. Charity of that sort is a poor thing to offer the respectable woman-worker. The other way is to provide employment that will enable a woman to live decently and keep her self-respect. In this case, as in every other, the proverbial ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

It is far easier to prevent destitution than to cure it, and certainly it is to the advantage of all concerned that working women should be enabled to continue self-supporting rather than that they should be driven into pauperism and become a burden to the community. The truest charity is not alms-giving, which is frequently but a cheap salving of the individual conscience at the cost of another's self-respect.

Of all the funds open to public subscription none is more admirable or more worthy of support than the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund. Her Majesty has understood the real need of women-workers. It is characteristic as well as singularly fitting that their want should be recognised and help afforded by the First Lady of the Land. The object of the fund is to provide employment for women who have been thrown out of work by the war, and the sum collected will be spent on schemes devised by the Central Committee on Women's Employment. That, however, is only one aspect of the fund, for in addition to enabling many thousands of workless women to maintain themselves and their dependents, garments and other suitable articles, the paid work of the women, will be accumulated and given away to those unable to pay for them.

Many ladies have, instead of selfishly concentrating their amateur energies on the making of various garments, put out the work to semptresses and needy women of their acquaintance, but there are numbers whose means do not permit of even so modest an expenditure. A shilling here and half-a-crown there do not go far towards keeping the wolf from an individual worker's door, but these same odd shillings and half-crowns collected into a fund will alleviate a vast amount of misery. Contributions, however small, soon mount up into a respectable sum, and every contributor, however modest, to the Queen's fund will have the satisfaction of knowing that she is helping some less fortunate sister to security and self-respect, as well as assisting in the relief of the destitute poor.

We have heard much in the past of the Brotherhood of Man; surely the time has come for the Sisterhood of Woman to take an equal place. To whom should women look for assistance if not to their fellow-women? The Queen has led the way; it is for each and every one of us to support her "Work for Women" Fund to the full measure of our ability. EFEMERA

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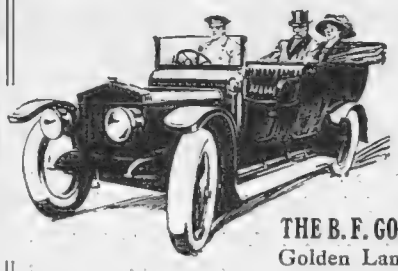

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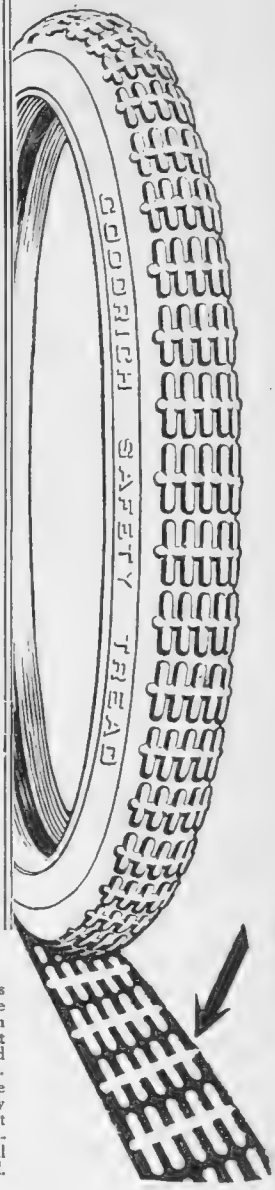

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Motoring in War-Time

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The A.A. Quota

THE Automobile Association has done its share. Its members have contributed well over 20,000 motor vehicles from the lordliest of luxurious limousines down to the most sportive of single-trackers, to the home service of the State. They have contributed themselves or a driver of some sort. The Association has contributed its Scouts or Patrols, 150 of them having enlisted direct. Another 100 with their cycles, under the command of Captain Stenson Cooke, late Secretary of the A.A. (the Association has no need to announce that all jobs will be available at the end of the war—that follows as a matter of course), are now at Colchester for training, and few companies of 'cruities will require less of it than those smartly uniformed and limber men who aforetime did service for A.A. motorists on the road—to the great indignation of some motoring non-members, to the great perturbation of Kingston and Godalming trappers, and to the great concern of a section of the public who, quite wrongly, regarded an A.A. Scout as an enemy of the people.

***

In Anticipation

But that is all but over and done so far as the people are concerned. To-day prejudice against the car is dead as the immortally dead Dodo, and only in a few districts where ignorance and cupidity take advantage of obsolete laws, does the persecution of motorists for minor and technical infringements of the regulations persist. When this war is over, and may that be very soon so long as very soon we can make a peace worthy of the national sacrifice, the car on the road will be the sign of progress, not an expression of the recreation of the rich; it will be regarded as the vehicle of efficient transport for commerce as well as the purposes of healthy pleasure, and will, I hope, secure general recognition as a considerable factor in the national well-being, whether the times be of piping peace or of dark grim war. And then our A.A. Scout will also secure fitting acknowledgment as a servant not only of the motoring organisation that foots his wages bill, but also a servant of the public. It will, indeed, be a surprising thing if in a few years time the A.A. Scout does not become the nucleus of a national corps of road patrols recruited and maintained by the Government which, having already begun to appreciate the supreme importance of the road, and having created a special national fund, and a national Road Board to administer it, will come to see that the policing of it by a national corps of efficient patrols in the interests of all road-users, is of the essence of the requirements of the case.

***

A Likely Happening

Then the fund for road construction and maintenance will be as it should be, a national charge and not as now a special tax upon one section of the community. This war has rammed home in no uncertain manner the high value of highways and left us without excuse for any patchwork policy which, by virtue of stupidly stodgy statute, any parsimonious parish pump authority with an eye on the local rates and the next election, may consider good enough for that district.

CAPT. STENSON COOKE

In uniform on the left of the picture. He was formerly Secretary of the A.A., and is now leader of a Cyclist Corps of A.A. Scouts

Leave local authorities control of the streets of townships if you like. Leave the policing of those townships also in their hands; but let a national concern like the road, which is not less a national concern because it happens to run through a district governed by small and reactionary minds, be nationally controlled and nationally policed. That is the only way. And down for the moment at Colchester and out in the fighting line is the nucleus of that corps of national road patrols at present called the A.A. Scouts. The war, full of horror in the experience, will doubtless act as a beneficent spur in many directions of progress. It will shear clogging reaction and musty complacency from the wheel of healthy development. It is an expensive method of doing it, but if it does, the war, waged for another purpose, will not wholly have been fought in waste. It is a queer commentary that probably most of the things that matter have been by-products of the outworkings of other designs. Doubtless this war will be similarly notable. I hope road revolution and not mere road reform, will be one such, very powerfully defined, by-product.

***

A Mistake

The Motor Trade Society has slaughtered its show for this year. I cannot bring myself to regard that either as commercial wisdom or good patriotism. The war has hit the trade very badly—no doubt about it. The war will doubtless put quite a few manufacturers and agents out of business. I think there is little doubt about that also—although I hope I am wrong. But if the show is a trade stimulant it is wanted more this year than ever. If it is not a trade stimulant it is not wanted at all any year. The Society had the opportunity of carrying on. It has the money to carry on with, and could have run the exhibition for once without cost to the exhibitors if necessary. That would have helped the industry at the time of the industry's need. Coming just when the motor vehicle bulks specially in the public eye, and at a period of general slackness, it would have possessed exceptional advertising qualities. It would have been an incentive to whatever market exists, to buy. It would have provided the motoring public (who are only requiring a little more confidence to resume the circulation of commodities) with a sight of the cars available, and with a demonstration of the economical qualities of motor transport, and helped them a little toward a state of confidence. It would have been one fine patriotic expression of British confidence and of British resources. And it would have made work. The Trade Society prefers to sit on its money-bags. Well——.

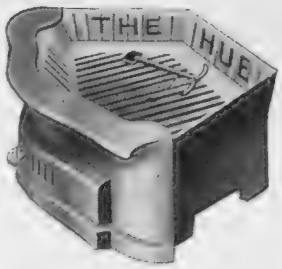
***

Things that Matter

The Avon Tyre Company adds its assurance to that of the Dunlop Company that there is no likelihood of a shortage of supplies. The exclusive British labour at this British firm's works has temporarily been augmented in a small degree by Ally refugee labour to fill the vacancies caused by 20 per cent. of the Company's employees being on military service. The support of dependents of men at the front has been undertaken, and practically the whole profit on the Avon golf ball business is contributed to the Prince of Wales's Fund.

Coal users—Start saving money NOW

The cost of coal is certain to exercise our minds during the coming Winter, and it is therefore vitally important to know how you can reduce your coal-bill by one half, and at the same time OBTAIN THE SAME AMOUNT OF HEAT. The "HUE" Adaptable Barless Fire has been proved over and over again to achieve this result, and we cannot too strongly urge you to instal it in your house before the Winter rush comes. The "Hue" is scientifically constructed, specially made to fit YOUR grate after removing bars and grating. Easy to fix, and at **15/-** is within the reach of everyone. In addition to being the first adaptable Barless Fire on the market, the claims of the "Hue" have been justified by careful tests all over the Country—that is one of the reasons why thousands have been installed in private houses, Hotels, Public Institutions and Hospitals, and in every case with the most complete satisfaction. Our "Book of Testimonials" amply demonstrates this latter point.



FREE Illustrated photographic booklet giving full particulars of the unique "HUE" Barless Fire, and showing how easily it is fixed. Sent on receipt of a postcard.

YOUNG & MARTEN, Ltd. *(Dept. B.)* **Caledonian Works, Stratford, LONDON, E.**

Are you helping?

Support the Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund. Contributions should be forwarded to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Buckingham Palace

In this crisis it behoves all Britons to help one another. And we are doing so — but in various ways. Users of motors or cycles can help Home workers by demanding British tyres. And the representative British tyre is the

DUNLOP

By appointment motor tyre manufacturers to H.M. King George V.

The Dunlop Company founded the Pneumatic Tyre industry. It gives employment to thousands of British workpeople. It will continue to do so even more, and *you* by *your* support can help it. Foreign tyres mean foreign profit.

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TYRE INDUSTRY, Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.; PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.
DUNLOP SOLID TYRES FOR HEAVY COMMERCIAL VEHICLES.

By Appointment *to H.M. the Queen.*

ROWE

In readiness for winter, get your boy or girl a Rowe NEW REGULATION NAVAL OVERCOAT. This is a warm, comfortable and smart garment that has the added and appropriate attraction of being an exact model on a small scale of the latest Admiralty design.

Price from **23/6** Carr. Paid.

The Rowe miniature Naval Dress forms a most useful and charming attire for children.

Rowe book No. 12 (sent free on request) contains photographs of the garments in actual wear.

ROWE Children's Outfitters **GOSPORT**
(London Address: 106, New Bond Street, W.)

LUNTIN MIXTURE

by reason of its distinctive delicacy, fragrance, and flavour, will be your constant companion after the first pipeful

BLENDED FROM MANY KINDS OF CHOICE TOBACCO
In three strengths—Mild, Medium, and Full.
1 oz., 6d.: 2 oz., 1/-; ¼ lb. tins, 2/-.
Of all good tobacconists, or send stamps for desired amount to
Sole Manufacturers:
Thomson & Porteous, Edinburgh.

A GRACEFUL FIGURE AND A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a Double Chin, Large Waist, Large Bust, Large Abdomen, or that Ugly Flesh hanging over your Corset at the back, which adds years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., or call, when she will give you all particulars of her treatment, which she guarantees will remove all Superfluous Flesh, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles or any other blemishes. No dieting nor exercises necessary

MEDICALLY APPROVED.

Wrinkles, Crow's Feet, and that ugly droop at the corners of the mouth can be cured by her method.

NOTICE.—Madame Elvira will, owing to the general state of finance, make a considerable reduction in her fees to Ladies wishing to avail themselves of her treatment between now and Christmas.

Madame ELVIRA, SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE.
4a, LOWER BELGRAVE STREET, VICTORIA, S.W.
Telephone: 6017 Victoria.

Autumn Activity at the Shops

BY MRS. JACK MAY

AS I stood under privileged escort observing the prisoners in the Concentration Camp at Frimley the other day, I wondered how the attitude of their English visitors struck the Germans, and how the Berliners would have felt if they had seen our large drapery emporiums putting up their customary autumn show of fashions this week and issuing their customary illustrated brochures. Naturally enough, there are unmistakable indications that the violently eccentric phase is over.

The Moujik Coat

This vogue, strangely enough, was in some sort assured prior to the war, although in a slightly more elaborate guise than is now being presented. But a certain amount of licence can still be taken, and from out of quite a long range choice fell upon the pictured presentment, to point the moral of the story. It is a model equally suitable to cloth or velvet, and is shown worn with one of the smart striped cloth skirts in black, elephant-grey, and old gold, the latter picked up in the buttons on the coat. There is also to be noticed a little military touch about the collar, enhanced by loose shoulder straps, while the soft little velvet cap is a glorified example of that worn by the Cossacks, surmounted by a glorious *panache* of gold ostrich feathers. And yet how commendably simple it all is, notwithstanding the *chic* appearance, and striking a really more advanced note even than the longer tunic coat. It will, however, I hope, be long ere we weary of the latter, for its elegance is supreme.

Importance of the Tunic Movement

It is frequently difficult to decide offhand whether the tunic one sees forms part of a coat, or is a component of the gown. The general appearance is pretty much the same, both inclining to flare a little at the hem, no matter at what depth that comes. Some are already beginning to question the longevity of a *mode* so universally appreciated and adopted as the shaped or pleated tunic. But there need be no fear; we are only at the text, for there merely awaits the right moment to be advanced every conceivable variety. Already there is a disposition among the more exclusive *couturières* to avoid the straight all round version in favour of a pointed effect. This is literally fashioned out of a square. Again, the front will be slit up to the waist and allowed to flow free, thus affording a delightful movement as the wearer walks, rather reminiscent of the old-time Redingote. Indeed, Redingote, when one comes to consider, best describes a number of the full long basqued coats that are being worn, the more so when the upper part is arranged to closely define the figure.

THE MOUJIK COAT

Of cloth or velvet, worn with striped cloth skirt in black, elephant-grey, and old gold. The hat, an elaboration of that worn by the Cossacks, is surmounted by a "panache" of gold ostrich feathers

Steady Advance of the Fitted Corsage

At one of our leading *couturière* establishments, the controlling head of which has espoused with the utmost zeal the simpler *ligne*, there is being shown a three-tier tunic cut away in front to show a finely pleated skirt. This was particularly attractive, carried out, as it was, throughout in the new taffeta *faille*, navy blue, the flowing fronts of the tunic revealing a lining of blue chiffon, while the corsage was of 1880 character, a mere suspicion of wrinkling occurring either side the front.

Taffeta *faille*, by the way, is to be distinguished by its ribbed surface, and reaches us *viâ* Paris. Allied with velvet, it is considered to be particularly effective, completed by extremely deep borderings of fur.

1, NORTH JOHN STREET,
LIVERPOOL.

24-28, LOMBARD STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

ROYAL
INSURANCE
COMPANY
LIMITED

Estd. 1845.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE EFFECTED.

BATH. YORK HOUSE HOTEL
'Phone 59 Bath. Garage attached. Old-established Hotel, first-class reputation, every modern comfort. Under personal management. Terms moderate and inclusive. Season now commencing. The best substitute for Foreign Spas.

JACKSON'S
Quick Shine
WAX POLISH
FOR FLOORS *and* LINOS
Free sample and booklet from works—
Malt Street, Old Kent Road, S.E.

The leading Musicians testify to the fact that

CRAMER
PIANOS
British made.
Established in London, 1824.

HAVE "AN IDEAL TONE."

A Cramer Piano can be purchased for 30 Guineas and upwards.

139, New Bond Street, W., and 46, Moorgate Street, E.C.

Hinde's
Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.
Hair Wavers.

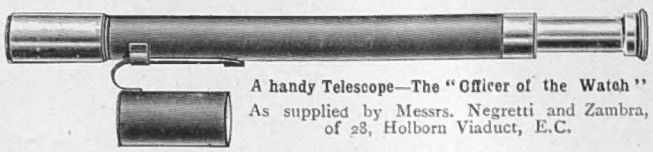
HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years.
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Trial Bottle. 6d.

SEEGER'S SEEGEROL
FOR GREY HAIR.
Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

A New Era

But respecting the fitted bodice. Nothing is going to stem the oncoming of that fancy. It marks a fresh era, and eye and mind alike are ripe for its acceptance. In connection with evening *modes*, a fitted corsage in some contrasting material is prominent among the best approved novelties. Quite a simple little home dinner dress was of black chiffon taffeta, the skirt almost completely concealed beneath a long-gathered tunic of black *tulle*, ruched at the hem, the taffeta again fashioning the bodice. The latter defined the figure closely, and was arranged with a tiny basque, the fronts cut sharply away like a man's dress waistcoat. The *décolletage* was round, save just in the centre front, where it took a slight dip, and was finished with a *plissé* tucker of black tulle, a similar frill outlining the armholes, sleeves being conspicuous by their absence. This all-black scheme appealed to me as sadly but significantly appropriate to the moment.



A handy Telescope—The "Officer of the Watch"
As supplied by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, of 28, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Macclesfield and the Silk Trade

In a perfectly sincere zeal to discover the truth about British manufactured goods a mine of misapprehension was inadvertently struck respecting the silk trade of Macclesfield in last week's notes. A clearly justifiable rap over the knuckles has been administered by Messrs. Robinson Brown, of the Royal Silk Warehouse, Macclesfield, some of the sting of which is, however, extracted by the pleasurable statement that far from Macclesfield having lost the sole monopoly of trade for providing the black silk squares worn by our sailors, this particular section of the silk trade has been entrusted by the Admiralty to Macclesfield firms, without a break, for twenty years past. Furthermore, it is illuminative to learn that these black silk squares provide merely an item in the all-round flourishing silk manufacturing centre of Macclesfield, a township, by the way, of nearly 40,000 inhabitants, which has enjoyed the privileges of an incorporated borough for over 650 years. So hats off to Macclesfield. May it long live to uphold its present completely satisfactory commercial conditions.

A "Serviceable" Gift

Negretti and Zambra's celebrated "Officer of the Watch" Telescope is what may be termed the "standard" pattern. It has been supplied to the British Navy and various foreign Governments, and is at the present time a particularly useful gift to naval cadets now in training, or for friends in the merchant service. It is made in London by British workmen, and costs £2 10s.

The General Electric Company

Last week the General Electric Company, Ltd., conducted a party of pressmen and other visitors over their Osram Lamp manufactory at Brook Green, Hammersmith, with the object of demonstrating that the Osram Lamps are made entirely in this country of purely British material by British labour. The guiding policy of the General Electric Company, Ltd., is to make its manufacturing arrangements self-contained, and apart from such items as the glass bulbs and the caps which are supplied from other branches of the company's enterprise, the Osram Lamp Works are independent of all outside sources for the materials required for producing the lamp in its final form. The Company is an English one, with 96 per cent. English capital and 4 per cent. foreign (representing the Osram Patents), and its other works are at Witton, Birmingham, and Manchester.

The Menu: Different Ways of Cooking Mushrooms

Fricasséed Eggs with Mushrooms

Two tablespoonfuls of butter, one ditto of flour, a sprig of parsley (finely chopped), half a dozen button mushrooms (cut in dice), half a pint of white stock or milk, six hard-boiled eggs (cut in slices), salt and white pepper. Put the butter in a pan when melted, add the flour, stirring till well blended, then the stock or milk; when it has boiled up and is sufficiently thick add the mushrooms, parsley, eggs, and seasoning. Simmer for ten minutes, and serve. As this dish can be cooked in a chafing-dish, it is quite easy to prepare it over a methylated spirit stove in a dining-room for a supper-dish.

Kidneys and Mushrooms

Cut two sheeps kidneys into dice and trim a dozen mushrooms. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and throw in the mushrooms. Let them simmer for ten minutes, then add the kidney, a piece of glaze, and half a gill of stock, simmer again (but do not boil) for eight minutes, add a dessertspoonful of flour and a little chopped parsley. Serve hot, and garnish with fried croûtons.

Roes and Mushrooms on Toast

Make the necessary number of round croûtons of lightly fried bread, and choose mushrooms the same size as the croûtons. Place them on a greased baking-tin, stalk side uppermost. Put some butter on each mushroom and a little pepper and salt. Cover with buttered paper and cook in a moderate oven from ten to twenty minutes. Serve a mushroom on each croûton, and on each mushroom place a cooked bloater roe, curled round. N.B.—Bloater roes can be bought at any good grocers for sixpence a bottle.

Purée of Mushrooms

Chop up 1 lb. of fresh mushrooms, simmer them in a little broth or milk for ten minutes, then add the crumb of a French roll; stir over the fire until all liquid is absorbed, put in 1 oz. of butter, pepper, and salt, and rub through a strainer. Put the purée back into the stewpan, and let it get hot before serving. Should the purée be too stiff, add a little milk or cream while rubbing it through the strainer. This is good served with cutlets, boiled chickens, etc.

Partridges with Mushrooms

Dissolve 1½ oz. of butter, throw in about three-quarters of a pint of button mushrooms, slightly sprinkled with salt and cayenne, simmer them from eight to ten minutes, and then turn them with the butter on to a plate; when they are cold, put them into the bodies of a brace of partridges, sew them up, truss them, and roast them from thirty to forty minutes. Serve with bread sauce and gravy.

Mushroom Croûtes

Cut some rounds of bread about three-quarters of an inch thick, and scoop them out rather thinner in the centre; fry a golden brown, drain and keep hot. Place the required number of mushrooms on a greased baking-tin, with a piece of butter on each, and place in the oven to cook. In the meantime, mince one or two mushrooms and put them in a pan with a small quantity of good brown sauce. When cooked, put a spoonful on each croûte and a whole mushroom on the top of each. Serve very hot. This is a very nice savoury. EMILIA

IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE

OF

High-class Second-hand and Antique Furniture, Carpets, Plate, Linen, Pictures, Pianos, &c., &c., to the value of over £500,000.

MUST BE SOLD ENTIRELY WITHOUT RESERVE.

ENTIRE CONTENTS OF A LARGE WEST END CLUB.

Removed from St. James's St., S.W., for Convenience of SALE.

ANY ARTICLE MAY BE HAD SEPARATELY, and, if desired, CAN REMAIN Stored Free, and payment made when delivery required, or will be PACKED FREE AND DELIVERED OR SHIPPED TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

98 COMPLETE BEDROOMS.

Comprising 16 well-made solid oak bedroom suites complete **£3 17s. 6d.**; solid oak bedsteads to match, complete **16s. 6d.**; handsome china toilet services from **3s. 6d.**; large bedroom and other carpets, from **7s. 6d.**; 14 well-made, solid walnut bedroom suites, complete **5 gs.**; massive black and brass mounted bedsteads, full-size, complete with spring mattresses, at **25s.**; three very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites of Louis XIV. style at **£5 15s.**; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites at **£6 17s. 6d.**; four very artistic Sheraton design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites at **£7 15s.**; three artistic large solid walnut bedroom suites at **£9 17s. 6d.**; several fine Old English gents.' wardrobes, fitted sliding trays and drawers, from **£3 15s.**; several fine bow-front and other chests of drawers, from **37s. 6d.**; old Queen Anne and other tallboy chests, from **6 gs.**; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, **13 gs.**; elaborate all-brass Sheraton style bedsteads with superior spring mattresses, complete **45s.**; choice Chippendale design bedroom suites, **12 gs.**; Chippendale design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne design solid mahogany bedroom suites, **£14 14s.**; all-brass square tube full-size bedsteads with superior spring mattress, at **£3 17s. 6d.**; costly Chippendale design mahogany bedroom suite, **16 gs.**; costly inlaid satinwood bedroom suites, **£45**; panelled satinwood bedstead to match, **9 gs.**

DINING-ROOMS, SMOKING-ROOMS, AND LIBRARIES.

Several fine quality real Turkey carpets about 9ft. by 12ft. from **£4 17s. 6d.**; real Turkey rugs at **17s. 6d.**; massive carved oak sideboard, **£5 15s.**; overmantel fitment to match, **£2 10s.**; extending dining table to match, **£2 17s. 6d.**; two elegantly-carved armchairs and six small ditto to match, **£6 15s.**; elegant Queen Anne design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., **£7 15s.**; set of eight Queen Anne design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carved chairs and six smaller ditto, **£7 15s.**; oval extending Queen Anne design dining table, **£4 10s.**; Queen Anne design mantel mirror to match, **42s.**; 18 luxurious Chesterfield settees, **£2 15s.**; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match at **£1 10s.**; magnificently carved grandfather clocks; fine tone upright piano, **£7 15s.**; a magnificent instrument by George Brinsmead, **12 gs.**; and an exceptionally fine small grand piano, **£25**, equal to new. Several sets of complete old English table glass from **£4 15s.**; four oak American roll-top desks at **£3 15s.**; and many other items too numerous to mention here.

DRAWING-ROOMS AND ANTE-ROOMS.

Nineteen elegant design large Axminster bordered carpets from **3 gs.**; elegant design suite, comprising luxuriously sprung settee, with two lounge easy chairs and four occasional chairs, covered rich Paris silk tapestry, **£9 15s.**; very elegant Louis XIV. design china cabinet to match, **£6 15s.**; choice centre table, **21s.**; and Louis XIV. design overmantel, **35s.**; elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design suite of seven pieces, including settee, **12 gns.** complete; white enamelled French cabinets; Vernis Marten painted tables, escritoires, etc.; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, **£14 14s**; satinwood decorated centre table, **£2 10s.**; satinwood decorated overmantel, **£3 10s.**; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered choice brocade gobelin blue silk, **£16 16s.**

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, etc.

SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc.

Five full-sized billiard tables from **30 gns.** complete with all accessories. Billiard dining-table, three iron safes, and thousands of other items impossible to mention here, including **two nearly new motor-cars.**

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Made in exclusive cloths woven and proofed by special processes, THE BURBERRY withstands continuous downpours of rain without becoming saturated.

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Wearing apparel of every description treated quickly and efficiently by the most up-to-date cleaning and proofing processes
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Interesting to Advertisers

WHAT ONE OF OUR ADVERTISERS SAYS

Hurdles, Ltd.,
Station Place, Letchworth.

The Advertisement Manager,
"The Bystander."

September 17th, 1914.

Dear Sir,

Thanks for your valuable comment in current week's issue. Results are fully justifying our having kept on with adverts, and we feel sure if a few more Advertisers had "stuck to their guns" it would have been better all round. They lose sight of the fact that with FEWER *adverts inserted their own receive a greater publicity and consequently an enhanced value.*

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) J. E. C. HAIGH.

The letter can be seen at "The Bystander" offices, and is an excellent comment on the value of present-day advertising in our columns.

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YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT A

"SWAN"

BY WRITING!

A "Swan" always writes at once and always writes well.

Sold by all Stationers. 10/6 upwards

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MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 & 80 High Holborn, London, W.C.

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SMOKE

SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

The Children's Shoe-man

(Established over 60 Years)

THE "Kelzeezi" range of shoes include perfect designs for every age of childhood from the first shoes of a baby to suitable footwear for growing boys and girls.

We will send our illustrated booklet "Artistic Footwear for Children of all Ages" post free, or goods on approval for London trade references or deposit.

No. 210 represents a durable walking shoe. It is moulded to the natural shape of the foot, and whilst giving every freedom maintains support where required. In Tan Willow Calf :—

Sizes.	Post Free Prices.
6½—8	7/3
8½—10	7/9
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No. 210

Henry Kelsey

(MAIL ORDER DEPT.),

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WIND SHELTER!

Portable Wattled Hazel Hurdles

USEFUL EVERYWHERE.

6 ft. × 3 ft. ... **13/6** doz.
6 ft. × 4 ft. ... **20/-** ,,

Extra supporting stakes, 5 ft. to 6 ft. long, **2/-** doz.

CASH WITH ORDER. FREE ON RAIL.

HURDLES, Ltd. STATION PLACE, **Letchworth**

NEW JIG-SAW PUZZLES

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THE BLUE BIRD

A Difficult Puzzle. Beautifully Coloured.

75 pieces 2/- postage 2d.
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List of Jig-Saw Puzzles free by post.

Special discount off all Puzzles sold for use of Wounded Sailors and Soldiers in Hospitals and Nursing Homes.

DEPARTMENT J.

HOLTZAPFFEL & Co.

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